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## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868.

### CONGRESS AND THE SUPREME COURT.

CONGRESS seeks to take away from the Supreme Court the right to announce its decisions. In cases where the Court derives its power directly from the Constitution, and where in fact that instrument enjoins upon it as a duty that it shall speak, Congress would step in and bid it be silent. The ultimate tribunal on which we rely for the safety of our persons and our property is to be so hampered in its action as to be unequal to the functions assigned to it. The case which prompts this interference is one involving the personal freedom of one man; and we have unfortunately been used, of late, to disregard violations of personal freedom in individual cases while making heavy sacrifices to secure liberty to great masses of the oppressed. But the threatened destruction of this great tribunal—for it is nothing less than its destruction that is proposed—makes all property insecure.

If the custom-house seizes, by a law believed to be unconstitutional, a merchant's goods, he will have, under the new system, no way open for vindicating his right to his property by appeals to the law. If the court is ready to decide in favor of the government, its action is to be left unfettered; but if it be in favor of the claimant to the property, then its decision must be withheld, and the case left unsettled.\* Titles to land may, as well as other questions, involve constitutional law, and in such case the court may not declare its own views, but must come to a deadlock unless three-fourths of its members agree to decide as Congress prescribes. If five out of the eight judges concur that a law is unconstitutional and the rights of the parties turn upon that point, no decision can be had. The court could not answer either yes or no to the question submitted to it. There would be an absolute dead-lock in the administration of justice, after a controversy had been carried through all the minor tribunals up to the highest. For the court, with such a division among its members, would not be able to say whether the law was constitutional and valid or unconstitutional and void. Five would not, by the proposed law, be a sufficient majority to pronounce a law invalid, and the three who held the other way, being a minority, could not make the law valid.

If Congress pass the proposed bill and it can be made to operate, endless confusion must ensue, and property, as well as persons, will cease to be under the protection of law. The offer to pass such a law has excited in this city almost universal disgust and apprehension. If the election which was held last November could now be had over again, *The Tribune* might shriek itself hoarse and yet not bring ten thousand votes to the polls of the city to sustain its Congressional friends. The signs of an approaching overthrow of the government, to which we have heretofore called attention, have not been sufficiently apparent to our busy people to save ourselves from the imputation of undue despondency. The danger is now brought so near as to appal the most hopeful. The stifling of the voice of the Supreme Court puts all power over persons and property in the hands of the one hundred and fifty men who make up the Congressional caucus of the Republican party. Legislation has been reckless enough while the restraining machinery provided by the Constitution was known to be ready to operate at its proper time. With the Supreme Court set aside, the last restraint upon the will of the caucus will be taken off. Every man's earnings, every man's savings, every man's property will be held at the will of less than a hundred men who control that little caucus. Self-enrichment will be more than ever the occupation of these our absolute rulers, and we shall be brought to consider, as a question of necessary economy, that which has been forced upon many nations heretofore—how much cheaper it may be to maintain a single despot than a hundred.

\* This is very like the infamous provision in the fugitive slave law, giving the officer five dollars if he pronounced the man free, ten if he made him out a slave.

It is idle to discuss the abstract question whether the power lodged in the court ought to be exerted by a majority. It is a necessity that this should be so. When men voluntarily refer a controversy to arbiters, they invariably select an odd number in order that, in case of difference of opinion among the arbiters, a decision may be secured by act of the majority. An agreement to refer a controversy to arbitration, with the condition that three arbiters might decide in favor of one side by a majority vote, but in favor of the other side only by unanimous consent, would be rejected by the common sense of mankind everywhere. Restraint upon the power of the Supreme Court to decide by a majority of its members is simply to take away the power of deciding questions which the Constitution expressly refers to them. To put such a restraint upon them when construing the Constitution, and not to put the same restraint upon them when they are called upon to construe ordinary laws, is an absurd and unwarrantable distinction. For the Constitution, in one and the same phrase, refers to them "all cases arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States and treaties." If any of its decisions are to be ineffectual unless concurred in by more than a majority, then all its decisions should be subjected to the same rule.

We have given the Republican party much honest advice which subsequent events confirmed as good advice. As a necessary consequence we have been accused of unfriendliness to them. In mere apprehension that a majority of the court may decide the reconstruction law to be unconstitutional, they propose to deprive the people of an ultimate tribunal for the final settlement of controversies. Not long since some of the wilder members of the party justified an impeachment of the President on the ground that he was likely to abuse his powers. Out of that position the party had the wisdom to retreat. We advise them to retreat as gracefully from the more desperate act now proposed. And we suggest, moreover, that a decision of the Supreme Court to the effect that the reconstruction law is unconstitutional might be the very best thing that could happen to them as a party. For that decision they would not be responsible, and they would thereby get rid of a measure which has already cost them their ascendancy in New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and California, without their being subjected to an imputation upon their own courage or consistency. It is a happy opportunity to relieve themselves from the awkward position in which they are placed, where, alike in standing still, in going forward, or in going backward, they are threatened with destruction.

### FAIRNESS IN JOURNALISM.

THE willingness of journalists to be unfair to each other is frequently the subject of surprise and contempt to the outside world, and yet the public is substantially ignorant of the extent to which this unfairness is sometimes carried. Now and then the people are treated to outbursts of recriminative vituperation in the columns of certain newspapers, which then seem for a space to be conducted by individuals who blend the foolishness of youth with the dogmatism of age in a manner at once pitiable and ridiculous; and on these occasions the people laugh and sneer and ask each other what possible dependence can be placed in the statesmanship or general sagacity of men who show themselves so deficient in that first attribute of successful leadership—self-command. Weakness of this sort is open to the popular judgement, for they who run can read and condemn it. But there are other meanesses practised by journalists toward each other which usually fail to reach the public eye and for which, consequently, there is no immediate antidote of laughter or condemnation. It is quite possible for a man having control of a public journal to treat the objects of his dislike with habitual illiberality and yet to retain, in the estimation of his readers, a reputation for conscientiousness and upright dealing; and custom and impunity will often so blunt the perceptions of such a man as to lead him at last really to believe that he deserves such a reputation, and that whatever he sees fit to do is necessarily right. One of the most common manifestations of this spirit is a disinclination on the part of editors to give credit to other journals for

thoughts and words which at the same time are regarded as valuable enough to be copied or otherwise in substance appropriated. The formulas "a contemporary," "a city daily," "a weekly journal" are often the signs and exponents of these adroit purveyors whose fastidious dread of acknowledging the brain-work of others amounts at times almost to a disease. Even such grudging and paltry recognition is not seldom denied, and petty or grand larceny is committed with as much coolness as if there were really any moral difference between such transactions and shop-lifting or robbing hen-roosts.

Now, *The Round Table* has been made the victim of this peculiar phase of kleptomania a very great number of times. Political and financial suggestions views on the suffrage, proposals for legislative and municipal reform, thoughts on social topics, have been stolen from us with considerable regularity and impartiality, and we have held our peace. We were informed by prudent friends that it was "beneath our dignity" to notice such things, and that our true course was that of treating them with "silent contempt." We have tried "silent contempt," therefore, with no little perseverance, but, we are sorry to add, with very little perceptible effect. Nor has reflection led us to believe that the silent contempt principle is any more a sound than it is an effectual one. We fail to be persuaded that to ignore wrong-doing is the most efficient means of suppressing it. That there are prudential considerations, as well as delicate ones, to be urged against attempts at the suppression of wrong is plain. Wise men will often put up with minor wrongs to save the *esclandre* and possible attempts at coarse vengeance that exposure may provoke. Still, this is an ignoble way of viewing a case after all. Society would never hold together if dread of the wrath of offenders were always to constitute their shield against punishment; and we do not see why this fact should not in a general way be regarded in dealing with a given class of offences as well as with others. This consideration induced us a short time since to resolve to take the first convenient opportunity afforded by unacknowledged appropriation from our columns, whoever might be the transgressor, to seek satisfaction. We determined to proceed in such a case in the most friendly and temperate spirit and, out of curiosity as well as for the other foregoing reasons, to see what result might be attained. The opportunity was not long in presenting itself, and the result we now proceed to narrate. On Saturday, Jan. 4, a New York daily copied part of an article that had appeared in No. 154 of *The Round Table*. The section was accompanied by some original remarks explanatory and partly commendatory of the propositions of the article itself. The name of *The Round Table* was not mentioned, nor was there any limit or suggestion attaching credit to the proper source.

Under these circumstances, we addressed a note to the editor of the offending journal, pointing out in the briefest and most courteous terms the injustice that had been committed. We, of course, expected immediate rectification, and our readers will be surprised to hear that no such amends was ever even proffered. A correspondence ensued, embracing five communications—two from the nominal editor of the journal in question, one from its managing editor, and two from this office; our own note first mentioned, consisting of four words, being one of the number. The two former gentlemen both acknowledged the wrong that had been committed, one styling it a "fault," the other an "inadvertence," but neither offered to repair the wrong; and the first named, to our astonishment and amusement, finally informed us, in effect, that his objections to our political articles constituted, in his mind, a sufficient reason for stealing our property and then refusing to make reparation for it. Of course, to this note we made no reply; yet, considering the matter appropriated was copyrighted, and so as much ours as the coat on our back, and bearing in mind the respectful tenor of our appeal for justice, we must confess that this gentleman's course struck us as most extraordinary. As an illustration of the confused ideas regarding *meum* and *thuum* that appear to have obtained even among metropolitan newspapers we have thought proper—committing names which many readers will guess at—to lay this little incident before the public. Our readers will observe that we refrain from mentioning the journal in an injurious connection that

refused to mention *The Round Table* in a beneficial connection. We may add that hereafter, under similar circumstances, our course will be a different one.

#### MR. GALLATIN ON FINANCE.

MR. JAMES GALLATIN, of this city, publishes a letter to the President of the United States touching our financial condition. Mr. Gallatin gives in his adhesion to the simple method of getting back to specie payments which we have advocated, to wit: that the Treasury shall get possession of sufficient coin wherewith to pay its own notes, the non-redemption of which makes all the mischief. Better late than never; but when this method was first made public in *The Evening Post*, more than two years ago, it was laughed to scorn in Wall street. It would ruin trade, put gold up to five hundred per cent. premium, and consequently destroy the credit of the government. Mr. McCulloch's opposite doctrine of contraction was everywhere lauded as evincing marvellous wisdom, although it was simply an imitation of England's method of getting back to a sound currency forty years ago; a method which inflicted on the English people for ten or fifteen years intense misery. If the scheme of accumulating gold in the Treasury had been carried into effect when it was first proposed, and when the Treasury had a large surplus income in coin the present distress would have been saved at a cheap cost. The method of contraction has been tried, and by it we have learned that the experience of England was correctly recorded in history. The abundant coin which the Treasury honestly and cheaply acquired as part of its income, and which it might have honestly kept, because its income then exceeded its outgoes, was thrown away in efforts to sell down the gold market and to sustain the credit of the Bank of England. Kindness to a straitened debtor is deserving of praise, provided the one rendering the kindness applies his own surplus means to the purpose; but our Treasury was then, and is now, bankrupt, and a bankrupt's money belongs to his creditors. So long as our Treasury was itself bankrupt and unable to pay its own notes, it was worse than quixotic, it was fraudulent, for it to part with ready money in order to save the Bank of England from coming to discredit. If the bank had fallen and the English people been reduced, like ourselves, to the use of irredeemable paper, it would have done us no injury. On the contrary, the price of our bonds in English currency would have been nearer to their price in our own currency, and we should not have had our obligations passing into the hands of Englishmen, as now, at eighty cents on the dollar. The stronger we kept ourselves, relatively to England, the higher price could we have commanded for what bonds we wanted to sell to her people.

Contraction is now a proved failure. It has produced the very evils which it was said the rejected scheme would bring about. Trade is at a stand-still; gold is at a higher premium; the credit of the government is in a more perilous condition. Contraction has, moreover, killed itself. It has so reduced the revenues of the Treasury that Mr. McCulloch cannot contract if he would. The sum of the public debt has, for the last two months, increased at the rate of six or eight millions a month, and the revenue prospects are such that the debt must continue to grow larger. A serious deficit in the public finances is sure to occur unless expenditures be very extensively cut down; while the course of our legislation promises greater, not less, expenditures in the future. Taken altogether, the financial future has a very gloomy look, and Mr. Gallatin and others do well in striving to avert the threatened evils.

This costly experiment of contraction has not only failed in itself, but it has also brought us to a condition where the opposite scheme of saving money out of our surplus income, wherewith to pay the legal-tender notes, is impossible. Mr. Gallatin, admitting at this late day that the accumulation of gold in the Treasury is the true course to specie payments, casts about for some method of replenishing it with coin in the present condition of the revenues. With one hundred and twenty-two millions of interest to pay every year in gold, it cannot hope to save much coin; it will do well if next year its gold income equals its interest payments. Mr. Gallatin adopts Mr. Walker's method

of replenishing the Treasury with gold by a special loan. He improves greatly, however, upon Mr. Walker's suggestion, for he does not propose to make the loan in one big lump nor to go begging abroad for the money. The suggestion of Mr. Gallatin is that the government shall offer here at home a special loan, to be entitled a specie-resumption loan; that nothing but coin shall be received in exchange for the bonds issued under this loan, and that the coin so received shall remain in the Treasury to be applied to the one purpose of redeeming, at a future day, the legal-tender notes. The Treasury is to sell these bonds only at par for gold, and of course is to pay such interest and to make the bonds of such length as will induce purchasers to take them at par. This is the valuable part of Mr. Gallatin's letter, and we regret that he should have mixed up with this simple proposition crude suggestions about the banks at the same time accumulating coin in their own vaults to prepare for resumption, about funding the legal-tender notes, and about regulating the sale of gold by the Treasury. He seems to see plainly, in one paragraph, that the moment the government is ready to pay its legal-tender notes in coin all the reserve funds of the banks become thereby converted into coin, and the banks are at once made as strong in coin as they now are in legal-tender notes, while in the very next paragraph he suggests that the banks be required also to accumulate gold. All this would be mere waste. If the banks are now simply kept strong enough in legal-tender notes to meet their debts and the legal-tender notes are being gradually converted into specie by the government's action, it is obvious that the banks are thus accumulating specie by the mere operation of coin going into the Treasury. Moreover, the gold thus set aside in the bank-vaults would be just so much coin taken out of the market, whereby the general ability to take the new loan would be by so much diminished.

Most of the erroneous views taken of our present condition, and of its proper remedy, arise from the carelessly received notion that the banks are now in a state of suspension. They are in no such condition. They pay their debts every day in the lawful money of the country. There is no breach of contract on their part. If the present lawful money of the country were simply made equivalent to specie, the banks would, in their present condition, be paying specie. Now, this lawful money can only be made equal to specie by the government, because the money is the government's promissory note; the Treasury must provide means to pay it, not the banks. If A gives to B his check on a bank for one thousand dollars, it is, both by common understanding and by law, an order on the bank to pay B not one thousand dollars in gold, but one thousand dollars in legal-tender notes. So when B holds a bank-note for one hundred dollars. When B presents to the bank either A's check or its own note the bank pays him the amount in legal-tender notes, and the contract is fulfilled. But the moment B receives the legal-tender notes he becomes a creditor of the government. His claim on the bank has been fully satisfied; his claim now is on the Treasury. He holds the Treasury's promise to pay him so many dollars. This can, in the nature of things, be redeemed in only one way, to wit: by the Treasury paying him gold coin. This coin the Treasury neglects to pay, and here comes in the only breach of contract in our present system. Having found the spot where all the disease is, it is obvious that all we have to do is to apply our remedy to that one spot.

In like manner, Mr. Gallatin's recommendation for authorizing the Treasury to sell gold under certain regulations is utterly inconsistent with his general purpose. Why should the Treasury, while it is seeking to obtain gold by borrowing at a high rate of interest, at the same time part with coin which has come into its possession in the course of its regular business? Would Mr. Gallatin manage his bank in this way? If the Treasury wants to accumulate coin, it is wise, in the first place, that it keep what it has.

Again, Mr. Gallatin suggests that provision be made for funding the legal-tender notes in an interest-bearing stock, so as to enhance their value. This specie-resumption loan is in itself a method of funding these notes; for the end of the process will be that the legal-tender notes will have disappeared and the specie-re-

sumption stock have taken their place in the schedule of the government debts. The accumulation of coin for the purpose of paying them outright will do much more toward putting these notes up in value than any privilege of funding them. Moreover, this privilege of funding them will give to the notes at once the character of an interest-bearing security, and will take them out of circulation. It would have much of, if not all, the evils of a forcible contraction. To contraction by any method, of the quantity of lawful money now afloat, we are opposed, because we believe contraction will lead to the breaking of every bank in the country, the utter wreck of the government credit, and the throwing overboard of the public debt bodily.

Mr. Gallatin makes the mistake against which he warns us in his pamphlet; he proposes to do too much. He sees that the moment the government is able to redeem its legal-tender notes on demand, our present disease is cured. Yet while he provides a direct means for bringing the Treasury up to such ability, he is not content to stop there. His simple suggestion of a specie-resumption loan is valuable. His method of effecting the loan is much more practicable than Mr. Walker's; and this is probably the only way in which the Treasury can now hope to acquire the necessary surplus of coin, unless by omitting, for two or three years, to pay any of its interest in gold; and thus, by a temporary compromise with its creditors, work itself, to their benefit and its own, out of its present state of bankruptcy. The negotiation of such a loan as Mr. Gallatin proposes would have to be effected on very costly terms at first. Our five-twenty bonds, having about fifteen years to run, are worth to-day about eighty dollars in gold to the hundred. They pay therefore, on a gold investment, fully nine per cent. at the premium which gold now bears. A stock of fifteen years, bearing nearly nine per cent., or a much longer stock at a slightly reduced interest, would be required now to bring gold into the Treasury at par for the new bonds. But we agree with Mr. Gallatin, that the rates at which the government could get gold in exchange for this new stock would lower themselves constantly as the fund of specie accumulated and its tendency to carry the Treasury to specie payments became more and more manifest. If the fund of fifty millions now in the Treasury can be retained, one hundred and fifty millions more of coin will bring us to specie payments, and that not only without distress, but with a great improvement in our general prosperity. If we had to pay nine per cent. on the whole one hundred and fifty millions for fifteen years, it would be cheaper than to remain as we are. We commend this one suggestion of Mr. Gallatin to the thoughtful consideration of those who study such questions.

#### THE CAPTIVE TRAIN.

MR. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN has managed to get himself arrested at Queenstown and is now, if we may trust the Cable despatches, a political prisoner on the charge of being "an active member of the American wing of the Fenian organization." How Mr. Train has contrived to bring this about we can only guess. Possibly he caused information of his dangerous approach to be privately conveyed to the British Home Office, so that on the arrival of the *Scotia* the thing could be done in the most brilliant and effective style. The *coup* in any case is certainly in the distinguished prisoner's best vein, and he is no doubt quite enchanted with its successful consummation. Imagine Train's delight on being incarcerated, a martyr to liberty, in the Tower of London! the famous pile whereupon another effusive young American lately threatened to plant the starry banner of his country. Fancy the material for future and interminable "yawps over the roofs of mankind" that Train will collect from this, the finest and most characteristic advertisement that even his inventive genius has yet devised! The idea suggests to us the probable motive which led the English authorities to listen to the project for arresting Train upon his arrival at Queenstown. We believe that reason to have been that they didn't want to hear any more of his speeches. We must remember that Train on his previous visits to England has been remarkably troublesome; and that his never-ending and nonsensical speeches, letters, and pamphlets became a very serious nuisance. Englishmen had probably no



objection to the man's making himself—or, so far as he could, his country—ridiculous; but they decidedly objected to being bored by him. To prevent a repetition of this appalling business, they have apparently thought it a good move to shunt Train off by simply shutting him up. We think they have committed a grave error, for more reasons than one. In the first place, we fear that their main object will be defeated. Tempting and facile as was the line of defence that they have adopted it has a prime defect in being only temporary. Sooner or later they must let Train out, and then what Britisher or Yankee craze shall ever stop him, and when, and how? His craze for notoriety, greater than was even that of the aspiring youth who fired the Ephesian dome, will burst forth with more fury than ever; his endless yawns of interjectional spread-eagles, bombast, and conceit will so stun the universal ear that everybody everywhere—Americans, Englishmen, Fenians, and all—will rue the hour that ever Train was born, or that, being born, any one was ever idiotic enough to be cajoled into sowing the seeds of an indefinite future of blathering folly by locking him up.

But, apart from this consideration, which is in some respects of supreme practical importance, the English government is ill-advised in the matter, for the reason that its course is totally unjustified by international law. No possible act committed by Mr. Train in this country and no imputed intention makes him amenable to British law. The officers of the crown may have ample evidence of his complicity with the designs of the Fenians, and such evidence may even have been furnished, as we have suggested, on the best authority, but this is not enough to warrant Mr. Train's trial, and not even his arrest. Such justification could be found alone in an overt act committed on British soil; and if the authorities felt confident of their captive's intentions a detective or two would soon have supplied a legal basis for the action thus prematurely taken. As to Mr. Train's being a Fenian, we really see no reason why he should not be one. Indeed, we see several good reasons why he *should* be one. We might differ with him, and those who think with him, in sundry minutiae of ways and means and probabilities; but we maintain stoutly that Mr. Train has a right to be a Fenian if he likes, and that the British government has no right to shut him up in the Tower of London as a penalty, however atrocious they may think his crime. Reflection, in truth, makes this so clear that we are led to wonder that the British Home Office failed to see it. And here the question naturally arises, Did they, after all, fail to see it? In other words, is the Cable report trustworthy? Perhaps we ought to be sorry to say that we fear not. It is so much more likely that those who would earnestly wish to embroil the two governments on precisely such an issue should promulge an easy misinterpretation of a common occurrence than that the English government should just now provoke us by a flagrant breach of international law, that we really feel obliged to discredit the current version of the whole affair. It is probably true that Mr. Train was arrested at Queens-town, as the Cable alleges; but, as he has been on British soil before, when he was not a Fenian, imagination need not range far to hit upon a solution of the problem in which Fenianism, past or prospective, has no share.

Should this latter explanation—which delicacy forbids our more than hinting at—unhappily prove an incorrect one, and the original assertion of the wires be verified; if, indeed, the British Lion has dared to lay his sacrilegious paw upon that credit to his country and to civilization, the patriot Train—it should be understood at once that we, for one, will not be held back. We shall insist upon the fullest apologies and the most complete reparation for a wrong whose memory should otherwise be washed out in blood. We shall shriek in unison with the Stern Bird that symbolizes our aspiring nationality for sacrificial expiation. The idea of an American like the noble and disinterested Train—an American who never harmed anybody or thing save the Queen's (or the military dictator's) English and his own reputation for sanity—being thrust in durance vile for the (to Haughty Despots) atrocious crime of daring to think for himself, we refuse to tolerate for a single moment. Let two special envoys—we suggest, *passim*, the names of Brick Pomerooy and the Count Joannes—be at once despatched to St. James's with instructions to demand the instant

enlargement of the captive Train! An autocratic and irrevocable ukase. Let perfidious Albion tremble and obey.

#### AN AWFUL SHADOW.

THE completion, or even the announcement, of a new tale by Dickens, a new history by Motley, a new poem by Tennyson, a new opera by Gounod, a new painting by some master hand, stirs a pulse here and there that is languid over frantic efforts at "reconstruction" and amid the throes of a commercial crisis. Such pulses may, perhaps, be rare in a land that has no rival in movement and enterprise—much more rare than is an affection of sensibility; but that there are such is attested by the growing development of a refining taste among us, as indicated in manifold ways that it were superfluous now to enumerate. But it is not our desire to draw a line between the genuine and the pretending devotees to art. Simply, we have occasion to minister to the enjoyment of those who betake themselves—whether habitually or at intervals, whether with zeal or as a fashion—to a world wherein politicians and financiers are nobodies. To these few—choice spirits as they are or may be—we commend what follows.

A few days before the Christmas just past it was our fortunate lot to spend an hour in the studio of Gérôme, probably the best known among those great painters of France of to-day who have given her—for a time at least, and save in landscape—incontestable pre-eminence over all the European schools. There, finished and framed, but as yet shrouded from the public eye, we saw his latest work fresh from his hand—a work that will add not a little to the exalted reputation he has achieved. When, while we were mounting the stairs that lead to the studio, the subject of this picture was named, we must own that a momentary feeling of annoyance came across us, on the supposition that Gérôme had been measuring his strength with the greatest of his predecessors, and that he must therefore of necessity have failed, inasmuch as, so far, it has not been given to modern genius and skill to compete successfully, on this peculiar ground, with the illustrious masters of some centuries since. "The Crucifixion! What a theme for a Frenchman!" was our involuntary thought, as Phrynes Unveiled, and Arab Prisoners, and Dancing Almehs, and Nubian Butchers, and Roman Arenas, and Assassinated Cæsars, and Masquerading Duellists, and Courtiers of the Grand Monarque flitted rapidly before an eye that had dwelt upon these marvels of their kind a hundred times, during successive months, at the Paris Universal Exposition. But all nervousness on this point might have been spared. There was no need to go back to Rubens or Titian, or the rest; no aptness in the recurrence to our mind of other and more material subjects treated by the living artist himself. This "Crucifixion" is unique, and challenges no comparison with others. In it is no cross, with its superscription, "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." There is no parting of garments; no offering of vinegar upon hyssop; no thrusting of unholy spear into the side of our holy Lord. There is in fact no Christ; and there is therefore no attempt to portray that blending of the human and the divine in the dead or dying Saviour, which even the grand old masters, in the plenitude of their power and the earnestness of their devotion, could but feebly approach. Neither are there any spectators, on whose countenances might be read or fear, or wonder, or grief, or triumph. The stupendous deed, whereat the earth was wrapped in darkness and the veil of the Temple was rent in twain, is not depicted in any fulness whatever of detail. It is suggested rather; but in such manner that the suggestion must inspire awe in the mind of any one who is worthy to look upon it, in any one who is not utterly debased by the materialism of life and the fripperies of our current pictorial illustration. Let us describe briefly how Gérôme has evaded difficulties almost insuperable, and has contrived to imbue a novel conception with a solemnity not often reached by means more obviously direct. The canvas, if we remember rightly, is somewhat larger than that which he has used in his more celebrated works, though still coming within the designation of cabinet size. The foreground, carried far upward on the plane, is luminous with a preternatural light; but over it—wherein lies the originality of the treatment—are projected from right to left the shadows of three crosses with the figures crucified thereon. The eye recognizes at a glance their awful meaning, for well may it be supposed that he who imagined such a rendering of such a scene knew precisely how much to define and how much to leave untold. In the background—clearly made out according to the research of archæologists brought to bear upon the re-

cords that have come down to us from contemporaneous authority—looms up Jerusalem, with its lofty walls and infrequent portals. In the middle distance, winding in long procession and by narrow pathways through the hills that lie toward Calvary, the Roman cohorts and the populace are seen returning to the city, passing into it indeed through one of the gates. Here a banner or an ensign is displayed, there a horse or a camel lifts itself above the crowd; but all are in reduced proportions, though affording opportunity for some relief in form and color. Lastly, over the city itself hangs a lurid cloud, in strong contrast with the lightly tinted foreground; and in the midst of it the blood-red sun is dimly visible.

Thus it is that Gérôme has handled a subject which might well seem to have been exhausted, and from which many able artists of this generation shrink—and not unwisely—under the conviction that it is beyond their power to do it justice or clothe it with interest. Wherein, then, consists the impressiveness of this version, seeing that so little is set down palpably upon the canvas, and that the beholder, in order to feel its influence, must have his own sympathies so largely drawn upon? We can only answer for its effect upon ourselves, for we had not the advantage of the painter's presence or explanation. Gérôme, in this instance, has but shown the same subtlety that characterizes his principal works. Whatever he presents is sure to have abundant merit in its technicalities—in the drawing, the tints, the grouping, the lights and shades, the due subordination of accessories to principals. But, underlying all this, every finished composition from his easel has the far rarer merit of suggestiveness; nor have we any hesitation in asserting that he possesses and displays more of this fine quality than any among his compeers, nay, than all of them put together, inasmuch as he touches many chords. Whoever, in studying some of his famous works above hinted, has not been led to read therein respectively the sensuality and grinding despotism of the East, the brutality of ancient Roman, and the hollowness of modern French, civilization—in short, to recognize his pictures as types—has missed no slight portion of their charm. As to the remarkable illustration of his genius now under review, he who runs may read its allusions. If the shadows of the three crosses do not translate word by word the story told by the Evangelists, while assuredly they do not challenge a critique upon anatomical correctness, they speak with mysterious solemnity of the very cornerstone of our Christian faith. Romans and Jews all turning their backs upon the mount of sacrifice, and all wending their way homeward as from an ordinary spectacle—how effective an indication of the indifference of the little world of that day to an event in which they had participated, and which was to tell upon the world at large through time and eternity! What a proud and defiant air is worn by the battlemented city, as though reckless of the doom pronounced upon her, or ready to scoff at His word who pronounced it! How does the murky atmosphere seem pregnant with impending fate, as though the avenging legions of Titus might be gathering behind its folds! There rules throughout, we say, an inner sense, as contradistinguished from the mere transcript of things and persons. The degree in which this will be felt and appreciated must depend upon the temperament or capacity of the beholder; but we maintain that it does exist in ample measure, and that they who find it must blame themselves.

We were glad to hear, on the best authority, that there is some chance of this "Crucifixion" being sent to New York. It is well for us to see sometimes that the labored mechanism of Meissonnier's figures, and the smooth realism of Willems' satin gowns, do not constitute all that is high in art.

#### FAT GIRLS.

LAUGHTER is one of the dearest privileges of humanity, one of the greatest consolations of our fallen state. It is so distinctively a human characteristic that certain jovial philosophers have not hesitated to define man as a laughing rather than a rational animal, on the ground that all men laugh, while a great many never show a trace of reason. To be sure there were not wanting pestilent fellows to dispute the principle in the interest of the laughing hyena, just as a plucked hen was brought to disprove Plato's notion of man as a featherless biped. But unless it be the result of confinement and the degradation of public exhibition entirely to change the voice of that cheerful beast, we should say that only a very misanthropic and cynical savant indeed could detect in the hyena's howl the faintest approach to the sound of human hilarity. Laughter is essentially human and humanizing; the mists of care and sorrow fade and fly before



its genial influence. A hearty outburst of genuine merriment is the index of good fellowship and sincerity. Only honest men are good laughers; a man may smile and smile, and be a villain, but the poet doesn't say he may laugh. In a rogue's laugh there is something forced and hollow, like the sepulchral bass of a stage robber's ha! ha! ha! One misses the true ring; there is discord somewhere in the music. But a good laugh is an outlet for all the bitterness of life, the promoter of social harmony, the lightener of trouble, the balm of pain, *laborum dulce lenimen*. How then shall we find execrations deep and damning enough for the memory of the soulless wretch who first aimed a blow at this gracious and delightful pastime, by affixing to its indulgence the stigma of obesity, by enunciating the sardonic maxim, Laugh and grow fat! For, say what you will, nobody likes to be fat, or at least to be thought fat, except, perhaps, very lean people, who sometimes cherish the delusion that fatness is a blessing, instead of being, as it is, if we are to believe Mr. Banting's pathetic jeremiad, one of the great evils of life. And if a majority of people could be brought to believe in the truth of this atrocious adage, or if, believing, they did not constantly forget it, the world would speedily become as melancholy as a Puritan conventicle or a dowager with no new scandal. Even as it is, a certain partial persuasion of its plausibility seems to have banished laughter from polite society, and restricted it with so many other pleasant diversions to the low people who can forget themselves and Mrs. Grundy long enough to be indecorously merry. To ladies especially is it forbidden to give unrestrained vent to their hilarity; the most ludicrous incident, the most humorous relation, can evoke from feminine gentility only the pensive smile, or still more melancholy shadow of a laugh, the feeble giggle which attests at once the height of its enjoyment and the depth of its apprehension.

Obesity certainly is unpleasant even to men, to women still more so, while to girls the very idea brings a gush of peculiar and sickening dread. And the reason is obvious. Fat men, even very fat men, sometimes learn to make light of their misfortune, to crack jokes upon it, even in some rare cases to take pride in it and to resent the possibility of superior fatness. Bodily weight, moreover, has very often its advantages, as in a crowded omnibus, for example, where ingenious fat women often profit by their superabundance of adipose tissue to flop down on some lank young man and smother him out of his seat. Size, too, if it be equally distributed in the three dimensions, gives a certain dignity to carriage and manner; there is something imposing and awful in the Juno-like presence of a fat matron of forty. But feminine obesity must be consecrated by age or marriage to win either respect or toleration; and it is difficult to conceive anything more pitiable than the lot of a young fat girl. Rightly or wrongly, our ideal of girlish beauty is formed on the sylph-like, delicate order, and consumption is preferable to *embonpoint*. The practice of novelists is a sufficient index of popular taste; and who ever heard of a novel with a fat heroine? That interesting young woman who carries with her our smiles and tears through ever so many trials and persecutions and impossible adventures until she is happily married at the end of the last volume to the athletic young man with curly brown hair and a Roman nose, may be clumsy or awkward or slovenly, plain or homely, even downright ugly, if you will, without losing the sympathies of the constant reader; but make her fat, and see where your book brings up! The rather clever *Story of a Masterpiece*, which Mr. Henry James, Jr., is publishing in *The Galaxy*, is likely to be ruined for most readers by the author's unaccountable insanity in making his heroine a round-shouldered fat girl with red hair. Under the deffest disguises of highness and plumpness and golden brownness the hideous truth reveals itself—a round-shouldered fat girl with red hair. The round shoulders and the red hair we might forgive; in fact, red hair is rather fashionable just now, and round shoulders from their prevalence we should think likely to become so; but the fatness—who can take any genuine interest in the fortunes of a fat girl?

Now, this is rather hard, and to the fat girl, no doubt, seems extremely unjust; but it is nevertheless the fact, and a fact founded on a very plain reason. With the most amiable disposition in the world, and every inclination to smooth the way, a fat girl is the last person in the world with whom a young fellow falls in love. Romance refuses to shed its illusive halo around that grossness of form, and the natural masculine instinct to find in the object of one's adoration a divinity or an angel, at least, is crushed and destroyed in the presence of the fat girl. A fat angel! an obese divinity! the imagination recoils at the very thought. So the fat girl,

however accomplished and agreeable and nice, sees herself, unless she be extraordinarily beautiful or fascinating or rich, neglected by the opposite sex and ridiculed by her own. Nobody offers to take her down to dinner, except some fat old fogey, whom nobody else will accept, and with whom she is exposed to all the torture of amused smiles and curious glances and sarcastic whispers; nobody is anxious for her as a partner at croquet, nobody asks her to dance; she is left to bloom the most dejected wall-flower in social horticulture, while girls with no other advantage than their comparative leanness carry off the beaux that should have been hers, before her envious eyes. And this, though in many instances one might have worse partners at dinner or in croquet or galop; in dancing, especially, fat girls often show a degree of agility and vigor which is quite unexpected and amazing. Yet men who know this are prevented from asking them through a not unfounded fear of making themselves ridiculous by the apparent effort to bear around a ball-room so many cwt. of beauty. For much the same reason fat girls are seldom proposed to, though there are many reasons why they should make good wives. At least one would have little apprehension of their running away.

There is in all this ample justification for the petulance and spitefulness that fat girls often display. It is a mistake to suppose that fat people generally are good-natured. Their amiability is the result of physical sluggishness which revolts at even the exertion of peevishness. But fat girls have so many things to try their temper and their patience that we should not blame them if both very often give way entirely. To see one's self an object of contempt and ridicule, shut out from all the fair prizes of life, and doomed to a lonely and obese old maidenhood, is sufficiently exasperating to the sweetest disposition. This is a dreadful prospect, and it is no wonder that fat girls make such frantic efforts to undo their misfortune, and swallow such unheard-of quantities of slate pencil and vinegar.

It is not easy to imagine the horror which a sylph-like maiden feels on first awaking to the conviction that she is getting fat. What frenzied search for antidotes, what torments from the kindly congratulations of considerate female friends, what alternation of hope and doubt, what final dull despair as her remedies one after another prove useless, and the scale each day drops lower. Talk about martyrdom and the tortures of the Inquisition; they were pleasures compared to the anguish a young woman experiences on first feeling that she is completely and irremediably fat.

Of course there are alleviations even to this misery, else it would be too great to bear. For example, fatness is not everywhere looked upon with the same reproach; some of the polite nations of Central Africa, on the contrary, regard it as the chief adornment of women, and choose their wives by *avoidupois*. Yet, lest all our fat girls should instantly be seized with the mania to go as missionaries among those benighted heathens, it is only just to mention one little drawback to the felicity of their adipose African sisters, who are unfortunately hunted for other purposes than matrimony. To an Ethiopian gourmet a slice of broiled fat girl is the greatest delicacy his limited *menu* can offer, a tid-bit for a king. So even in those simple wilds girlish obesity has its *désagrémens*, and we make no doubt that a cargo of slate-pencils and vinegar and corsets would go like wild-fire among the Hottentot fair. Then, again, fame and fortune are sometimes the portion of some individual of the class, like Barnum's fat girl, or that French lady who won the former, at least, by her petition to President Marait, in the Revolution of '48, to be allowed to represent the Goddess of Liberty, for which, in her own opinion, her weight of 500 odd pounds gave her peculiar fitness. What a fine figure of a woman truly! and what an impressive Goddess of Liberty she would have made, had not President Marait been possessed of the unjust prejudice we have been describing. The admiration of posterity is at once her justification and her reward.

But these are rare cases, and if we cast up the balance, it will scarcely be in favor of the fat girl. Even Barnum's fat girl, we wager, would gladly resign all her dignities, the respectful esteem of the public, and her high position as a leader of *ton* for the humble obscurity and the unimpressive lightness of her leaner youth.

#### SELF-DEFENCE.

IN the old days of chivalry the theory of self-defence was curiously mingled with that of self-abnegation. A man was bound to defend his honor but not his interests, and the Christian idea of charity to all men was as strenuously insisted upon in the training of the

youth who hoped to win their spurs as the daily practice of arms. These men of old times realized the ideal of Dibdin's song of *True Courage*—furious in battle, inexorable in war, but, "justice appeased, 'tis as quiet as a lamb." The out-door life which made them healthy, the violent exercise which worked off their superfluous activity, and the definite ideas of right and wrong which enabled them to rest secure in the observance of the rules laid down by their theological masters, kept their minds tranquilly unconscious of the possibility of nervous torture. Their irritability was of the passions, their madness came from unbridled indulgence in the grosser temptations which beset their lives, and their defence was the sword or the cloister. In those past days there were, of course, men of pure intellect who ruled others with the iron rod of an ambitious will or tortured themselves to death in monastic cells, dying in a vain effort to conquer their own individuality; and now, amid the hurried crowds of the present, there are men of easy fortune and muscular proclivities who call nervous irritability bad temper, and nervous apprehensiveness cowardice. But the strong tide of the civilization of this age carries the majority of men along with it in a fierce race of intellectual life, where even the waning longing for repose which tells of failing strength seems but as a stimulus to increased effort. The old theory of life required that a man should be always ready to strike out, and defend the rights of others as well as his own. The new necessity of life requires an intense concentration of all the power a man has upon one object; the conservation of all his forces can alone help him to success, and, absorbed in defending himself against the chance of failure, he can find no time to defend others against wrong.

Selfishness is the bane of an intellectual era, just as brutality was that of the past age, which rejoiced in its muscular development and practised athletic sports. When the cry for justice was raised during the middle ages it meant not justice so much as redress. It was the cry of the weak and down-trodden, of women especially, against the barbarism of their age, and it was responded to by the flower of Christendom in a spirit whose last faint breath is dying out before the colder reasonableness of modern thought, before the modern aspiration for a pitiless Utopia where no redress is needed and where even and exact justice shall preclude any necessity for kindness. Now, the cry for justice is raised by the selfish, who can least of all comprehend its meaning. Equal and exact justice is something that humanity can neither give nor be conscious of receiving. The cry means a demand for a recognition of the rights of that vague, intangible, but persistent personality by which every individual is surrounded; a claim for the redress of wrongs and sorrows that justice can never reach, which could be answered only by that Christian love of humanity which is in danger of being entirely subordinated by the intellectual life that so greatly needs its softening influence. Men immersed in intellectual pursuits are almost always driven into selfish habits, sometimes into selfish feelings. The line is so fine which divides the quick instinct of a conscientious defence against those annoyances that incapacitate a man for doing his best work, from the impatience of an irritable self-love that holds every annoyance to be an outrage upon its superior organization, that human nature is always unconsciously stepping over it. A man of letters or a man of business is driven by the thousand unresting scourges of ambition until his body avenges his brain and every nerve thrills at the sound of a footstep or the crash of a closing door. An anxious life, always aiming at success and barely touching it, becomes a struggle which necessarily includes some idea of self-defence, and, with a mere natural instinct, men turn to the readiest means of protecting themselves against that distraction which would impair their powers. They shut intruders out of their rooms and they shut mankind out of their hearts, and they must do it, or fail where the struggle is for something more precious than life, where failure would be more bitter than death. The tendency of the age is to stimulate mental effort, but, while feeling its influence, people are too ready to believe that when they work hard to achieve success they are deserving of great sympathy and encouragement. They forget that where that stimulus is very nearly universal its results are equally so, that when people are craving sympathy they too often fail to bestow it, and that the demand is less likely to be fully met now than in those more tranquil conditions of life which supplied a larger class of kindly and indolent intelligences.

While the Christianity of the Gospels falls out



of the daily life of the world, and religion is a matter of pews and churches only, female influences still help the creaking wheels of life to run more smoothly. Wives and mothers have not yet withheld their sympathy; against them no armor of defence is yet needed, because they have not yet become rivals; but every step they gain that leads toward the equality of the sexes involves the loss of a concession. In the changing theory of the law of marriage, in the competition of the professions, the sexes stand as equals and as rivals. When they are recognized as such, the chivalrous myth of the past that still covers them with its mantle of forbearance must fall away like an old garment, and women must meet in fair fight, with fair weapons, the sex whose protection they can no longer claim. If under these conditions there is less deference to one sex, there should be less complaining from it; and if women are less romantic, they will probably be more reasonable. In the close fight for success in this world, that every man's hand should be against his neighbor is a thing of course. When every woman comes into the struggle, especially in those professions which stimulate their nervous irritability to the greatest extent, each one will need to learn the art of self-defence. Perhaps the more tender and sensitive moral nature of women may enable them to separate selfishness from self-preservation. Hitherto they have succeeded, helped possibly by the repose which they have gained by not participating in the more harassing masculine labors. But when they do so, where shall there be left any more a quiet breathing space wherein to listen to the far off and distant echoes from the peaceful past? The cry for equal rights is necessary, and takes its part in the inevitable movement of humanity, but it has a sad tone in it, and sometimes sounds like the death-knell of that Christianity whose Preacher spake ever of charity rather than of justice.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## THE DEAN'S ENGLISH—CONCLUSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I will now treat of Mr. Moon's disregard of the rules of grammar, etc., in *The Dean's English*—a more agreeable task than that of holding Mr. Moon responsible for the disregard of his own rules. The latter process is little else than "answering him according to his folly."

Mr. Moon is often justly severe on Dean Alford for the Dean's incomplete and ill-constructed sentences. But let us see how Mr. Moon manages his own sentences.

Page 8: "It must be admitted that there is in your essay so little," etc., "that but a small amount of good can result to those whom you think to be most in need of improvement." "Result" from what? and to whom? In common parlance, and in careless writing, "those" is used as the equivalent of *those persons*, etc. But in the sentences of a philological critic who holds a brother critic responsible for every faulty particle in his sentences, "those" by its self is inadmissible. Mr. Moon should have written "result from it to those persons whom," etc.

Page 12: "I have often heard of printers' devils, and I imagined them to be boys who assisted in the press-room; but if your description of compositors is true, these are beings of an order very little superior." To whom does "these" refer? If to the "boys," Mr. Moon's inference is absurd; because, inferentially and constructively, the boys are the inferiors of the compositors. If to the "compositors," the inference is a mere platitude—and, either way, the passage is all the more flat for being an elaborate and far-fetched attempt to ridicule the Dean's remark about compositors. The attempt recoils on Mr. Moon's "own pate." Besides, "superior" is an incomplete termination of the sentence. As Mr. Moon says elsewhere, "it should be followed by a relative clause:—"superior" to something.

Page 22: "The words 'in reading' may be construed either with the words which precede, or with those which follow." This sentence, also, is incomplete: "precede or follow" what? Say, "follow them."

Page 48: "Perhaps, as mountain travellers brand certain words on their alpenstocks, to show the height that has been attained by those using them," etc. That sentence is precisely the same in construction, though not in extent, as one of the Dean's periods; which, on pages 69-71 of the *Dean's English*, Mr. Moon says can be read "in 10,240 different ways," by reason of the jumbling of the pronouns *these*, *them*, *they*, and *their*. The only difference between the two passages is a difference of length; the blundering ambiguity of the pronouns is the same in both cases.

Page 90: "they serve only to illustrate how easy it is for a teacher to disregard his own lessons and become oblivious of the faults," etc. That, again, has the same fault as some of the Dean's sentences, which Mr. Moon, by analysis, shows to be in need of an additional word. The analysis here is,—"and" (how easy it is for a teacher) "become oblivious." Say, therefore, "to become." Besides, "illustrate" is both a large and a clumsy word in the sentence: *show* would be much better.

Those five sentences are incomplete by reason of their having too few words. Here is a case of too many words:

Page 50: "You will take into consideration the extreme difficulty we have to understand the contradictory instructions we have received." Could not Mr. Moon do better than that? I am sure that Dean Alford could do no worse. Mr. Moon might at least have said, "our extreme difficulty in understanding"—if that is what he means.

Page vi: "since the faults of teachers, if suffered to pass unproved, soon become the teachers of faults." That is neatly antithetical, but it is incorrect in fact. "Faults" may become *examples*, but they cannot well be "teachers."

Page vii: "The Dean has altered and struck out not fewer than eight-and-twenty passages which I had condemned as faulty." That is as thoroughly *Irish* as anything in *The Queen's English*. If the passages were *struck out* how could they be *altered*—since striking them out made an end of them? To be sure, they might have been altered and afterward stricken out; but, in that case, how could Mr. Moon know anything of the alteration? I would advise him to alter or strike out *his own* sentence. The real state of the case is shown on pages 126-139: twenty passages are "altered" and eight are "struck out."

Page ix: "it will be only modest of the Dean," etc. Page 69: "if you will not think it sacrilegious of me." Might not Mr. Moon as well say "off the Dean" and "off me?" The proper word is, *in*.

Page ix: "the Dean describes the two queens by an epithet which is equally applicable to dogs—they are females!" Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Moon seems to be ignorant of the meaning of English words. He calls the noun, female, "an epithet." If he would take the trouble to consult his dictionary, he would find that an epithet "is an adjective expressing some quality that is appropriate to a person or thing;" as, good, bad, honest, dishonest, vile, precious, and so on. Is it possible that Mr. Moon is ignorant of the fact that no part of speech other than an adjective is an *epithet*?

Page 16: "as to whether the rule itself be only a supposed rule; or whether it is not, on the contrary, a standard rule," etc. Did Mr. Moon put that "not" there intentionally? And how pertinently might Dean Alford—who is so often taken to task by Mr. Moon for mixing the moods and tenses of verbs—ask him why he uses the subjunctive *be* before "only," and the indicative *is* before "not"?—both in one sentence.

Page 22: "you expose for censure a greater fault than your own." Say, "to censure."

Page 26: "Let your meaning be obscure, and no grace of diction nor any music of a well-turned period," etc. Say, "neither grace of diction nor any music," etc.

Page 37: "this is enough to show that the school-master is needed by other people besides the directors," etc. Say, "other than."

Page 50: "But you, after lecturing us," etc., "yourself leave the *u* out of *tenour* and speak of the *tenor* of your essay! If this be not straining at gnats and swallowing a camel, I do not know what is." And Mr. Moon by way of enlightening the Dean, after thus demolishing him, adds: "the word *tenour* with the *u* means a continuity of state; without the *u*, it means a certain cleft in music." Would any one believe that this display of scorn for the Dean and of learning on the part of Mr. Moon has not the slightest philological foundation—except Mr. Moon's entirely unauthorized assertion? Our lexicographers, including Johnson, whether spelling the word with or without the *u*, make it the same word, with both the meanings given by Mr. Moon. Johnson cites Milton, Dryden, Pope, Locke, Bishop Spratt, etc., for *tenor*, signifying continuity of state or condition. Walker spells the word both ways; and, with each spelling, gives it both meanings. *Mem.* This is not the only instance of Mr. Moon's being otherwise than strong on orthography. On page 89 he spells *forbade* without the *e*.

Page 73: "words which express a meaning totally at variance with what I said." I suppose "with" is to be defended by the same style of reasoning as Mr. Moon used in attempting to defend his expression, "I differ with Mr. Gould."

Page 84: "I confess to a little curiosity in the matter." Well, if he confessed to the Little Curiosity, did the Little Curiosity absolve him?

Page 80: "The first English Bible in which the word is found, is one that was printed at a time when," etc. What if Mr. Moon were to strike out those three italicized words?

Page 43-4: "I wished to show, by your own writings, that so far were you from being competent to teach others English composition, that you had need yourself to study its first principles." Can anything be worse than "that"?

Page 86: "I join you in regret that any personalities should have intruded into this discussion." Did the personalities intrude themselves? If not, say, "have been intruded," or, introduced.

Page 99: "you evidently entertain some fear lest the study of the rules of composition should cramp the expression of the thoughts." I would like to know [not should like to know] whether that italicized "the" is "pure English" or, idiomatically, somewhat French?

Page 103: "It defies all power of analysis," etc. [Here the "the"—the power—would not be amiss.] "It forcibly recalls the following anecdote." How can it "forcibly" recall the anecdote?

Page 108: "but I suppose, as you still express yourself in the same way, you consider the terms synonymous; but they certainly are not." "Are not" what? "Are not so"

would be correct; but Mr. Moon objects to "so"; therefore, he ought to say, "which they certainly are not."

Page 119: "It was my intention to say so-and-so; but, on second thoughts, I am sure," etc. Could not Mr. Moon do better than that? In the same paragraph Mr. Moon says, "for if your plan cannot do more for its teacher, there need be no fear," etc. "More" than what?

Page 58: "just as we understand the childish prattle of our little ones." Mr. Moon! could you not say, "the prattle of children?"

Page 16: "I quoted as the basis of some remarks I had to make the well-known rule," etc. And, on page 114: "I had to ask you why, when speaking of a man, you used the slang word *individual*." Are those specimens of accurate and elegant English? Does Mr. Moon mean that he was obliged to "make the remarks" and "to ask." Or does he mean that he had the remarks and was about to make them? etc., etc.

Mr. Moon knows that Dean Alford occasionally mixes the past and present tenses; and that the mixture is a fault. Yet Mr. Moon gives us on

Page 106, this: "I discovered what it was you intended to say, and what was the reason of my not instantly catching your meaning. I find that the first clause in your sentence is inverted, and that the punctuation necessary to mark the inversion is incorrect, or rather is altogether omitted." Let Mr. Moon omit his "it was" and "what was" in the first sentence, and his English in both sentences will be much improved.

Dean Alford's seeming ignorance of the difference between adjectives and adverbs, and his propensity to use them interchangeably, are subjects of Mr. Moon's incessant ridicule; but I do not find that Mr. Moon's practice, in regard to those two parts of speech, is a whit better than the Dean's. In *The Dean's English* he frequently follows the Dean's example while in the very act of ridiculing it.

On page 4, he assumes to amend one of the Dean's sentences, and says that his amendment "is correct." The amendment is in these words: "If with your inferiors, speak not more coarsely than usual." The Dean's sentence is, "Speak no coarser than usual;" and it was very well for Mr. Moon to object to one adjective and to put an adverb in its place; but it seems strange, that while his attention was directed to adverbs and adjectives, he could overlook another adjective in the same line which requires the same change! *Usual* is an adjective, not an adverb. And when Mr. Moon, by way of correcting the Dean's line, changes *coarser* and leaves *usual* unchanged, he commits the same blunder as he has just condemned in the Dean. And he intrenches himself in his own blunder by the affirmation that the line, as amended, "is correct." Whether it is correct, or not, is shown by supplying the omitted words of the ellipsis:—"Speak not more coarsely than" [you] "*usual*" [do]!

That is an instance of Mr. Moon's using an adjective as an adverb. But Mr. Moon often reverses that process, and uses an adverb as an adjective.

Page 35, "in the above paragraph:" page 49, "words of the above class:" page 60, "in the above sentence:" page 76, "in reading the above extract:" page 91, "you speak of the above circumstance:" page 108, "that the above expressions:" page 111, "any of the above sentences."

Webster says, "above is often used elliptically as an adjective by omitting the word mentioned, quoted, etc.: as, the above observations," etc. No doubt, "above is often so used;" Mr. Moon "often so uses it;" but whether it is *correctly* "so used" is another matter. If Mr. Moon would transpose his words—"the paragraph above," "the sentence above," etc., and thus use the word as an *adverb*—which it is—the elliptical form would be English.

Moreover, Mr. Moon frequently uses an adjective as a noun. Page 34, "such a paragraph as the following:" page 75, "The following are the facts of the case:" page 76, "such a paragraph as the following:" page 82, "what are we to say of the following?" page 83, "to which I refer, is the following:" page 86, "the following appeared in *The Patriot*:" page 118, "The following is from your third essay:" page 120, "the following is from the report."

On the whole, in the matter of adjectives and adverbs, I think that Mr. Moon's "six" is quite as large as the Dean's "half-a-dozen."

In *The Round Table* of November 2, I mentioned several instances of Mr. Moon's blundering on the possessive case. I will now give a complete list of those blunders:

Page viii., "we read of persons making:" page 8, "by popular writers exercising more care:" page 10, "speak of people falling"—"idea of editors falling:" page 12, "speak of people mending:" page 13, "spoke of lawyers being lost"—"and students being buried"—"of a man losing his mother:" page 14, "of a man losing his mother:" page 42, "spoke of editors falling:" page 56, "of a word being not strictly"—"of a substantive being strict:" page 62, "of a gentleman setting himself up:" page 64, "of a possibility being precluded:" page 67, "by readers constructing"—"of the sentence being filled in"—"of the sentence being filled up:" page 68, "of people mending their ways:" page 93, "owing to the term being capable:" page 97, "the absurd idea of editors falling."

Twenty errors in the matter of the possessive case! Indeed, I do not find one instance in the book where Mr. Moon puts his *noun* in the possessive case, in the form of expression above cited. Although when he has occasion to use a *pronoun* before the participle, he does uniformly put



it in the possessive. I will quote of such instances enough to illustrate the point: Page 7, "and so far from its being so well known;" page 13, "immediately after your speaking of things without life;" page 26, "amends to your readers for their being liable to misunderstand you;" page 81, "you speak of my demolishing your character," etc., etc.

Can Mr. Moon give any reason for thus alternately disregarding, and conforming to, the requirements of the possessive case? Or, will he venture to affirm, as Dean Alford does, that, in a given instance, a noun does not, and a substituted pronoun does, require the possessive case?

I can conceive no answer to the former of those two inquiries, other than a frank confession by Mr. Moon that he is, or was, actually ignorant of the fact that the noun, in those instances, should be in the possessive: for on what possible theory, except that of Mr. Moon's ignorance, can the fact be explained, that he has omitted the possessive in every instance where the noun is used, and has not once omitted it where the pronoun is used?

The result of my present careful examination of *The Dean's English* is, the exposure of about one hundred blunders in a book that contains less than ninety very small "16mo" pages of Mr. Moon's own writing. There are, indeed, two hundred and twenty-six pages in the volume, but nearly one hundred and forty of them are quotations or extracts from other writers. When I say "one hundred blunders," I of course mean "such as they are;" some of great, and some of little importance; but every one of them comes under a rule of grammar, or under a rule which Mr. Moon himself applies to the writings of other people. The "hundred" consists of about thirty transgressions, or improprieties, according to Mr. Moon's rules; and seventy according to other rules.

I have already stated that Dean Alford's book contains, with its quotations deducted, three times as many pages as Mr. Moon's book; and I now state that the total number of errors—also "such as they are"—charged by Mr. Moon in his account with the Dean, is about seventy. Those on which Mr. Moon makes his principal stand are the "eight-and-twenty" above specified. If, therefore, I strike out of my comparative estimate the thirty errors "according to Mr. Moon"—which, however, are not errors "according to" anybody else—the number of errors in each of the books is seventy. But, as the Dean's pages outnumber Mr. Moon's pages, in the proportion of three to one; Mr. Moon's errors outnumber the Dean's errors, in the proportion of three to one—"such as they are."

In view of Mr. Moon's assumptions of superiority over other critics: of the patronizing and magisterial tone with which he treats of the (alleged) errors of other critics: and of the high praise which the mere style of his book has received at the hands of the English critics—that is a startling statement. Besides, the relative proportions of the errors of the two writers, as expressed by mere numbers, do not fully represent the case; because the character of the errors is also to be taken into the account. Errors in taste, errors in style, and errors in grammar are serious faults in a critic who lectures other critics on the same faults, and who, "with no uncertain sound," assumes infallibility for his own English; but such faults sink almost to insignificance when compared with that critic's literal and actual ignorance of the meaning of English words, and of some other things pertaining to his vocation. Whether Mr. Moon's ignorance in those respects is real or seeming, I must leave the reader to judge. I think that, in my communications to *The Round Table*, I have made out a *prima facie* case of such ignorance in each of the instances here following; namely, the meaning of the words *so*, *also*, *deal*, *tautology*, and *epithet*; the meaning and spelling of *tenor*; the fact that *wrong* is an adverb; the proper use of *so*—*as* and *as*—*as*; and the rule of the possessive case in certain forms of expression. The other errors may be called errors of carelessness: and although Mr. Moon assures me that "carelessness admits of no excuse," and therefore precludes himself from pleading it; yet I am too conscious of my own occasional carelessness, even when I most endeavor to be careful, to insist on Mr. Moon's suffering under his own rule. He cannot afford to submit to the rigid enforcement of such a rule; nor can any writer afford it.

Another result of my careful investigation of the demerits of *The Dean's English* is personal to myself; yet I feel compelled to mention it here, in order to explain my own inconsistency. I have already referred to my incautiously allowing myself to follow the example of other critics, by praising the style of Mr. Moon's book in my own book. The contradiction between what I there said, and what I have since said in *The Round Table*, is too glaring to be ignored; and, as my remarks in *Good English*, on Mr. Moon's style, are literally untrue, I have caused them to be cancelled in the stereotype plate and replaced by the paragraphs here following:

"Mr. Moon, however, has himself fallen into grievous errors while exposing those of his antagonist; and, on the whole, it is safe to say that, in the matter of mere style, there is but little to choose between the two writers. Each of them is very self-complacent, very 'English,' and very unconscious of the beam that is in his own eye.

"Mr. Moon has shown great critical acumen in detecting the errors of *The Queen's English*—pity, that he could not have presented them to his readers in what he so confidently assumes that he himself has mastered; namely, 'pure English'!"

It cannot be denied that Mr. Moon demolished a great

part of Dean Alford's reputation as a critic; but he achieved his victory with an indifferent and a dangerous weapon—a flint-lock musket with a not-very-smooth bore," whose recoil, when one comes to see through the smoke, proves to be as fatal as its bullet.

EDWARD S. GOULD.

P.S.—Mr. Moon's fifth essay, in *The Round Table* of November 23, shall have due attention, and something more, for I think it deserves very little.

I take this opportunity to reply to "J.W.W.," who denies the propriety of my use of "that." He says that "that" ought to be, whether it is or not, a relative pronoun." As his argument is founded on that assumption, my disposal of the assumption will be a disposal of his argument. I use the word as a conjunction—as the equivalent of *as*, which is also a conjunction—although, on reflection, I think *as* is the better word of the two, in the case quoted by your correspondent. His proposed substitution of "in which" is inadmissible, at any rate; but as I am dealing with conjunctions and he with pronouns, we have no common ground to stand on.

E. S. G.

#### MR. GOULD AND THE ROUND TABLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I do not object to your "order of discontinuance" of the discussion between Mr. Moon and myself, although I think that "the right of reply" is with me in each instance. I do not object, because Mr. Moon's last essay needs no reply beyond a brief reference to the pronunciation of *Menelaus*; and that is your point, not his.

After reading your criticism, in June last, I consulted a friend who is second to no man in the United States as a philologist, on the expediency of altering the passage in question. He replied:

"Your illustration is not fortunate, because it involves a disputed point; but, on the whole, I would let it stand. Classically, *Menelaus* has four syllables; *Orpheus* two; etc. But in common usage, in English, both are pronounced in three; and in assuming, as you have done, that Byron meant to follow usage instead of the classical rule, you may be right and you may be wrong. Webster says that every one must judge for himself whether or not it would seem like affectation or pedantry, in any given case, to be classically correct."

This explanation, which I offer to you, Mr. Editor, disposes of Mr. Moon's imputation of my "ignorance," etc.

My chief object in writing this note is, however, to say, that I trust your discontinuance of the discussion does not involve a refusal to publish the concluding part of my criticism on *The Dean's English*. That criticism was written as one article; and was divided into two parts on account of its length. As you published the first part; and as that part, in its opening paragraphs and at its close, provides for and announces the remainder; and as, moreover, the concluding part is the only really important part of the article—your suppressing that conclusion would leave the introduction and myself, too, in a disadvantageous position.

For the first time, in my experience, your printer exposed me to criticism in my last letter—January 4. In the first column, he made me say, "unfortunate for myself;" whereas, I wrote "unfortunately," and in the second column, "it savors in attempted prettiness," as he prints it, was written "savors of."

EDWARD S. GOULD.

#### REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

#### THE REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH.\*

I.

THAT the "acts and proceedings" of the venerable body heretofore variously known as "The General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church in the United States of America," or of "The Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in North America," should reach our table in one month from the date of adjournment, we regard as a good omen. We take it as evidence that the new name is indicative, in one respect at least, of a new nature. It means progress. The sage Webster (not the sage of Marshfield, but the sage of New Haven) sententiously remarks that "Deep rivers move with silent majesty," and fortifies the sentiment, if our memory serves, by adding that other weighty apothegmatic proposition, "Cotton velvet is very soft to the feel." What specialty there may be in "the feel" of the denizens of the land of wooden nutmegs which induces them to regard "velvet," and especially "cotton velvet," as the *ne plus ultra* of softness, we have not been able to discover. But the wisdom of the "Elementary" spelling-book has produced its effect outside of that land also. Of the fifty millions of copies which have been sold, most were sold in New York, the "headquarters" of "The Dutch Church," as it is commonly called. And it may be owing, in part at least, to this fact that the movements of that reverend body have heretofore been so "majestically slow." While the records of other similar bodies have been issued by private enterprise in from three to six days from the date of adjournment, the records of this body have usually been issued in from three to six months,

\* The Acts and Proceedings of the General Synod of The Reformed Church in America, convened in extra (sic) session in the city of Albany, in November, 1867.

and, we are informed, have consumed from three to six months more in their progress from the office of publication to the little handful of churches interested in them. The sarcasm of the lamented Cookman, keen as a Damascus blade, was lost upon the phlegmatic and thick-skinned "Dutchmen" because of the delicate wit with which it was wreathed. The man whose head was severed from his body by the thin scimeter of Saladin did not know that anything had happened until somebody bade him "shake himself," when lo! his head rolled in the dust at his feet! It was, we believe, in 1840 that *The President* sailed away, with Cookman on board, and "ne'er was heard of more." How long before that it was we do not remember, but those who heard it can never forget how, in the old "First Dutch" at New Brunswick, Cookman marshalled "the army of the Lord" for the battle: stationing the Baptists along the rivers and water-courses; making the Presbyterians (as the most strenuous of Pedobaptists) the infantry; the Methodists, the pioneers; and the Dutch Reformed (not Dutch Deformed, as they say in the West) the heavy artillery. Victor Hugo says that Napoleon lost Waterloo because he waited too long for his "heavy artillery" to get in motion, and if "the army of the Lord" has had its Waterloo in this city, it is very largely owing to the slow ponderosity of its heavy artillery. When this island was settled by Netherlanders, early in the seventeenth century, the Reformed Church of their fathers was at once established among them. Near the close of the century, when it had been in existence seventy-five years, nine-sevenths of all the families on the island belonged to the Reformed Church of the Netherlands, and four-sevenths to the Reformed Church of France, making in all thirteen-sevenths of the whole population who were attached to this one religious polity. But from that day this Church has steadily dwindled in its proportions, until now, notwithstanding its immense wealth, it has only one-fourteenth of the churches in the city, while at least a fifth of the population are utterly godless. How much of the guilt of this state of affairs is the fault of this Church, and how much of other Churches, is no business of ours. It would seem, however, that there must be fault somewhere. Perhaps, hereafter, we may try to find out what, if not where it is.

The movements of the mother Church in New York have been typical, perhaps causative also, of the movements of the whole body. "The Collegiate Church," as it is called, is organized upon the apostolic plan, having several pastors and places of meeting in the city, all constituting but one parish. The influence of this church, from its wealth and the ability of its college of pastors, has already been very great. The small body of poor country churches which grew up about it, depended upon and deferred to it so much that it became practically a sort of patriarchal church, like Rome, or Antioch, or Alexandria of old. Of late years, however, as the country churches increased in wealth, and the spirit of independence caught from the institutions of the country grew upon them, they became restless under this influence, and with that brusque zeal which always attends such reactionary, we may say revolutionary, movements, appear at last to have cast off (as they say) "the incubus" altogether. All the weight of the Collegiate Church influence, constraining also that of the college at New Brunswick—added to the personal influence of many if not most of the ablest ministers and laymen of mature age—could secure but seven votes in favor of retaining the old "Dutch" designation, while one hundred and fifteen votes are recorded in favor of dropping the foreign name. It is said that "revolutions never go backward;" but it may be well for the victorious party, whether in church or state, to remember that always, soon or late, there comes a day of reckoning, and that gratuitous insults to those who have been both rulers and benefactors in the past can only offend right-minded men and cause them to sympathize with, perhaps to side again with, those whose rule was at least safe. Men love action; but there comes a time when men love peace and safety as well.

The controversy respecting the name of the Church which has just closed seemed to us bitter and acrimonious. It was long and thick. We know men who waded through column after column of *The Christian Intelligencer* (really one of the most upright as well as downright of our religious papers), and page after page of the thick-spawning pamphlets, in the attempt to comprehend it. After all, they had to give it up in despair, and say with poor Stephen, "It's all a muddle." We doubt whether any one, save an editor, and a "born Dutchman," could understand it all. For the benefit of those of our readers who may be in this condition, we here plant twelve stepping-stones, by means



of which those who choose may study the nature, height, and probable effect of the waves of this troubled sea, even while they pass over dry-shod:

I. The Reformation which took place in the Western Church, on the eastern continent, in the 16th century (beside its reaction for good upon the Church of Rome, and its direct action for evil upon the schismatics and sectarists who have rushed into error and infidelity of every kind), resulted in the establishment of "The Lutheran Church" and "The Reformed Church." The first of these is, unfortunately, named after a man, though that man was the leader of the Reformation. The appropriate designation of those who adhere to this organization is "Protestants"—the name given them April 19, 1529, when they protested against the repeal of the pacific edict of 1526, which had granted them toleration. (In this memorable protest was enumerated the doctrine that "so long as the Church itself is the subject of dispute, the best method of expounding hard texts of Scripture is to call in the help of clearer passages"—and it is to this that Chillingworth is indebted for the memorable saying, often cited, always dangerous, and usually condensed into "The Bible, the Bible alone—the religion of Protestants.") This protest, and the energy with which it was maintained, was successful at Augsburg, September 25, 1555, in securing a peace which is still unbroken. But there were others who refused allegiance to the Pope of Rome, and refused assent equally to the doctrines and usages of these Protestants. The leader of these men was Calvin. They assumed, first in France (the native country of Calvin), then in Geneva (the place of his ministry), and afterward in the Netherlands, the title of "The Reformed Church"—thus connecting them at once, by their very name, with the Apostolic Church, even while indicating their divergence from Rome.

II. The Reformed Church in the Netherlands has a history even before the Reformation. The Church in the Netherlands was never very submissive to Roman dominion. From the day when Charles Martel made the Bishop of Utrecht an independent temporal, as well as a spiritual ruler, he occasionally fulminated edicts against the successor of St. Peter as effective probably in their spiritual import as those which the successor of St. Peter fulminated against him. Here, also, Thomas à Kempis, Wessel Gansvoort, Rudolph Agricola, and the "pious Brothers of the common lot" taught and practised true evangelical Christianity when all was dark around them. Add to this the remarkable industry and thrift of the people, and it is little wonder that it was easy, when the right time came, to raise an indignation against the swarms of idle monks and priests and beggars and indulgence-venders whose advent heralded the Reformation. The last straw broke the camel's back, and the patient animal, in his death-struggle, slew the master who so wantonly loaded him to death.

It was in 1562 that the Reformed Church in the Netherlands, to avoid the danger of being confounded with the fanatical Anabaptists, as well as to consolidate their own union, adopted the confession of faith known, since that date, as "The Belgic Confession." In 1574 the Church also adopted *The Heidelberg Catechism* as a "symbolical book," and enjoined that it "should be taught in all churches jointly with the Belgic Confession." In 1577 appeared also a body of canons and of ecclesiastical laws. Great troubles arose early in the next century in consequence of the "Arminian" controversy; to settle which it was proposed to call a General Synod of the churches of the Netherlands. This proposition, however, was extended, chiefly through the influence of the King of England, so as to make it a general council, including delegates from the Reformed Church in all the countries of Europe.

III. The "Synod of Dort," which met in November, 1618, and held one hundred and eighty sittings, is the only "General Council" which has ever been called of the Reformed churches. It is an interesting fact bearing on recent controversy that there were five delegates from the Church of England, among them the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, who in courtesy had precedence given him according to his episcopal dignity, though both he and his colleagues sat as joint members of the Synod with the Presbyterian delegates from the Continent. This Synod formally adopted and endorsed both "The Belgic Confession" and *The Heidelberg Catechism*, thereby giving them the character of "Ecumenical Standards." It enacted also certain "canons" explanatory of certain philosophical details of doctrine, as well as a scheme for the worship of the Reformed churches. It has been customary to speak slightly of this Synod, chiefly through the influence of those condemned by it for

heresy. Even one of the "Fathers" of the Presbyterian Church in this country, in a formal attempt at eulogizing it, regrets that it accomplished so much less (!) than the assembly at Westminster, and endeavors to show that in the nature of things (!) since the early days of Christianity such "councils" can produce little effect. The wish would seem to be father to the thought, as it undoubtedly was to the Jesuit who wrote, just after the Synod adjourned:

"Dordrecht Synodus? nodus; chorus integer? ager; Conventus? ventus; sessio stramen. Amen."

It is a curious thing to us in this country, though exactly in accordance with old European usages, that the manuscript *Acts of the Synod of Dort*, entrusted to the care of the civil authorities, is still (or at least was until very recently) triennially inspected by twenty-four deputies from the various provinces. Twenty-two of these are appointed by the church authorities, and two by the secular government. The deputies march in solemn procession to the public chamber where the chest is preserved. After prayer it is opened by eight different keys in the custody of as many persons. The seventeen well-bound volumes are taken out and exhibited, first to the deputies of the government, and by them to the clerical delegates. They are again carefully replaced, the chest closed, and securely fastened by the eight locks. Prayer is again offered, and the inspecting committee, after the custom of committees, close their triennial task with a good dinner, marked by the wit and innocent abandon which always characterize a clerical dinner-party. If "coming events cast their shadows before," it would seem that this careful guarding of the acts of this General Council is not without a wider significance than has usually been attributed to it.

IV. "The Reformed Church in America" is the Church which, emigrating from the Netherlands, brought to America precisely the "doctrinal standards, mode of worship, and government" enacted by the Synod of Dort, all of which she, and she alone, still retains in their integrity. She doubtless owes this, as well as her other principal excellences, to the stern conservatism she has ever shown. "As stubborn as a Dutchman" is a proverb utterly unintelligible to those who know nothing of the "Amsterdam Dutch," and draw their notions of the Dutch from the Germans who are designated by the term. As a consequence of her conservatism this Church, according to the self-gratulation of some of her ministry, is restricted chiefly to "a nice little heritage on the banks of the Raritan, the Hudson, and the Mohawk," which three rivers, with the Hackensack, have been thought to constitute the four which watered the Garden of Eden. If this could be even approximately demonstrated, taken in connection with Joannes Goropins's learned work, published at Antwerp in 1580, to prove that Amsterdam Dutch was the language spoken in Paradise, and retained by the conservatism of his countrymen from that day to this, it would go far to solve many questions of interest to the learned world.

#### THE WORKS OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

I. ALFRED DE MUSSET died in 1857, at the age of forty-seven. Since then ten years have elapsed—a period sufficient to show whether his works are destined to be forgotten on the shelves of public libraries, or to pass on and exercise a direct influence upon another generation. It may not be greatly to the credit of French morals and French taste that the latter is their fortune; but it shows that they contain something that corresponds to an abiding element in the French character. De Musset's comedies are still acted in Paris alternately with the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, and the comedies of Molière and Beaumarchais; his *Nouvelles* and *Confession* are the delight of French artists, students, and loungers; while some of his poems, such as *Rolla*, the *Nights*, and even *Namouna*, find among highly educated men and women enthusiastic admirers, who place them above anything written in the French language. A study of these productions, therefore, will afford no small amount of insight into, and explanation of, the present social and moral condition of France. For, notwithstanding that their author disclaims all desire to be the representative of his age and its passions—

—"Il n'entre pas dans mes prétentions,  
D'être l'homme du siècle et de ses passions!"

- \* I. *Premières Poésies*, 1829 à 1835. Nouvelle Edition. Paris: Charpentier. 1865.
- II. *Poésies Nouvelles*, 1835 à 1852. Nouvelle Edition. Paris: Charpentier. 1865.
- III. *Comédies et Proverbes*. Edition la seule complète, revue et corrigée par l'auteur. Deux tomes. Paris: Charpentier. 1865.
- IV. *La Confession d'un enfant du siècle*. Nouvelle Edition. Paris: Charpentier. 1865.
- V. *Nouvelles*. Paris: Charpentier. 1865.
- VI. *Contes*. Paris: Charpentier. 1865.
- VII. *Œuvres posthumes*. Paris: Charpentier. 1865.

it is certain that nowhere do his age and its passions, as far at least as his own country is concerned, lie more clearly mirrored than in him. Born amid his country's struggles, he shared in its sufferings, stooped to its enjoyments, and gave utterance to its feelings. He was a legitimate child of the French Revolution; his character was formed and his works were produced at a time when its results had begun to crystallize and show themselves upon the nation. What these were, and how they affected him, he has told us very plainly in his *Confession* and elsewhere.

It is customary for Frenchmen, when a conversation turns upon the ancient abuses of their country, to say: "*La Révolution a passé sur tout cela.*" It is unquestionable that the Revolution passed over very much, and performed a work of destruction sorely requiring to be performed—that it crushed to death an unjust, cruel, and odious system. But it is no less certain, notwithstanding that more than one noble spirit labored conscientiously to bring it about and carry it to completion, that it was, in great part, the result of a widespread despair, striving to soothe and forget itself in sensual enjoyment—the work of the animal in man separated and let loose from the divine guiding principle. Voltaire and Voltairism had done their work, and done it well. The throne and the altar, but recently the Olympus and the Delphi of France, had grown to be only four boards, and the people knew who nailed them together. Monarchy fell and religion died, and such as they were, they deserved their fate; let no one mourn for them. But the people had not had freedom to educate them for self-government which should replace the former, or to foster a moral sense, independent of form and defiant of change, which could be permanently substituted in the room of the latter. It was as De Musset puts it:

"The adversaries of Christ said to the poor man: 'Thou takest patience till a day of justice: there is no day of justice; thou waitest for everlasting life to claim thy vengeance: there is no everlasting life; thou gaderest thy tears and the tears of thy family, the wails of thy children and the sobs of thy wife, to bear to the feet of God at thy death-hour: there is no God.'"

"Then it is certain that the poor man dried his tears, that he told his wife to be silent and his children to come with him, and that he raised himself on the sod with the strength of a bull. He said to the rich man: 'Thou who oppress me art but a man;' and to the priest: 'Thou who hast consoled me hast lied.' And this was the very result which the adversaries of Christ desired. Peradventure, they thought they were working out men's happiness by sending the poor man to the conquest of liberty."

"But if the poor man, having once clearly understood that the priests deceive him, that the rich rob him, that all men have the same rights, that all good things are of this world, and that his misery is impious; if the poor man, having no faith but in himself and his two arms, has one day said to himself, 'War with the rich man! Mine too be enjoyment here below, since there is no other! Mine the earth, since heaven is void! For me and for all, since all are equal!' O sublime reasoners! who have brought him to this, what will ye say to him if he is vanquished?"

"Doubtless ye are lovers of men, doubtless ye have reason for the future, and the day will come when ye shall be blest; but not yet; in sooth, we cannot bless you yet. Once, when the oppressor said, 'The earth is mine,' 'Heaven is mine,' answered the oppressed one. What will he answer now?"

"All the malady of the present age arises from two causes; the people that has passed through '93 and 1814 bears on its bosom two wounds. What was, is no more; what shall be, is not yet."

*Liberté, égalité, fraternité!* Liberty of self-indulgence, equality of enjoyment, brotherhood in misery! The Revolution paved the way for Napoleon, and made him a possibility. He rushed the cries of liberty, equality, fraternity, and raised those of war, conquest, glory in their stead. He sent France from preying upon herself to prey upon other nations. The spirit of destructive excitement must find prey somewhere; better to seek for it abroad than at home. And never, save during the Terror, was there excitement in France equal to that. It lasted till it grew chronic and hereditary. While husbands by thousands were abroad following the fortunes of Caesar and making the arms of France the terror of Europe, their wives gave birth to a generation of children into whose constitutions the restlessness and anxiety of their parents passed. In the blood of these children flowed the fever of war and the yearning of suspense. They were taught, as soon as they could frame an articulate sound, to lisp the words war and glory, as others are taught to lisp God and heaven; for had not war become religion and glory bliss? Peace sounded like the day of judgement, and was mentioned only with a look of dread. As school-boys, they read of glory, talked of glory, dreamed of glory, and longed for manhood that they might follow their fathers to the field and die martyrs and saints of glory.

Glory is a poor religion surely; but it is better than none. It is at least a motive to strenuous action; it lifts life out of the region of the merely mean and sordid; it conceals the absence of a higher impulse. It stretches the sound sinew, but cannot heal the broken; it defies the victor, but cannot comfort the vanquished. It intoxicated France in her hour of prosperity, but left her panting in her day of adversity. 1815 came and changed everything. Waterloo had



been fought and lost; Napoleon was in St. Helena; a king of the old stock ruled in his place. The priests, seeing that the old boards of the throne still held together, nailed up their altars and opened the churches. The corpse of the Past, after having lain for a quarter of a century in the grave, was disinterred, galvanized, and pronounced alive. While it sat in state in the palace, its ghost rose and aped its contortions in the churches. But the living Past came not back, nor would its spirit animate the Present. The eternities neither lend nor borrow.

The tyrannies of Europe were still strong enough to uphold a throne in France, but they had no power to bring back the old religion; still less were they able to replace it. Glory was demonstrated by the creatures of royalty to have been a dream and war a pestilence. The young generation, who had never known any other religion, finding that the aim and purpose of their lives had suddenly vanished, looked about them in amazement and asked what they were to do. They were told to turn priests. It would have been the same thing had they been told to turn dervishes or moulas. But there was no alternative. So they folded their arms that had been nerved for war, and sat down in despair on the ruins of a fallen world that had once been all to them. The sky had always been meaningless and desolate to them, and they could not people it now. There was no hope anywhere.

Condemned to inaction, the coarser spirits, who mocked at all feeling except vanity, at all ties, all duties, all that distinguishes man from the beasts beside form, sought and found distraction in debauchery. The finer minds who had an ideal—

"Who felt the need of something dimly grand,  
But strong to keep the soul's white garments up  
From trailing in the mud!"—

took up their pens and indulged in vague speculations. The one party tried to glut the body, the other to intoxicate the soul. The former succeeded, blunting and degrading themselves till they ceased to feel their misery; the latter followed in the wake of Byron and Werther, wailing and blaspheming to the last, or else committing suicide. We all know the beautiful poem of Béranger, *Le Suicide*, upon the fate of Lebras and Escousse, young men, almost of the same age as De Musset, who put an end to their own lives by suffocation, in the same room. Béranger himself could blaspheme with the best; so could De Musset, though in a different spirit.

The Greeks have embodied in one of their wonderful legends—the story of Tantalus—the history of all men who have ideals. Woe to him who has once sat at the table of the gods, who has once entered into the counsels of the powers that rule the world! De Musset makes the Muses say to the sleeping Augustus:

"Yea, there exists a world so sublime,  
The gods and we alone come nigh to it.  
If ever foot of man hath touched its brow,  
In human path it never more can tread."

The poet may indeed be able to tell the secrets of the gods, but his fate will be the fate of Tantalus, and the gods will not defer the infliction of it till he arrives in Hades. Dante, who

"S'ergea col petto e colla fronte  
Come avesse l'inferno in gran dispetto,"

had not to go to hell for his pictures of it. Shakespeare, who lived in happier times, is often "awary of the sun," and puts the question, "To be or not to be?" Goethe can tell of eating his bread with tears, and of sitting through sorrowful nights of weeping upon his bed; and his *Faust*, from beginning to end, is a record of the strivings and strugglings of one of those Tantalus whom life abandons as soon as he has tasted of the grapes and drunk of the water—as soon as he has found a passing moment to which he can say: Oh stay, thou art so fair! To escape the doom of Tantalus, the favored guest of the gods must remain upon Olympus. In other words, the poet must fix his eye upon the ideal till his soul is filled with it, and the real becomes little more than a husk to hide it from vulgar vision. If he look downward and try to satisfy his soul with this husk, he can only enact over again the tragedy of Faust. He will be like a restless wanderer or an exile in sight of his native land, and "*l'exilé partout est seul*." That the latter course was the one chosen by Alfred de Musset need not excite surprise, if we review the circumstances of his time. It would have been surprising had it been otherwise. He records the result in one of the finest of his poems, *Es-poir en Dieu*:

"So long as my weak heart, yet full of youth,  
Shall not have bid farewell to all its dreams,  
I fain would hold to ancient wisdom, which  
Made sober Epicurus half a god;  
I fain would live and love, grow used to men,  
Eke out a little joy, nor hope too much,  
Do that which has been done, be what we are,  
And look to heaven without solicitude."

"I cannot; still the infinite torments me:  
The thought of it is fraught with fear and hope;  
And, after all is said, my reason shudders  
To see it still and not to fathom it.  
What is this world? What come we here to do,  
If we must veil the heavens to live at peace?  
To pass like beasts, with eyes upon the ground,  
Denying the rest—is that then happiness?"

He seems sometimes, even toward the end of his days, to have thought so, for we find in one of his posthumous poems the following sentiment:

"Oh! were I like these men of stone to-night,  
Who seek the friendly dark, and shun the light,  
And find in vice delights that satisfy! . . .  
These live in bliss! . . . But he whose soul can claim  
Some lingering flickers of a nobler flame,  
That man must die."

That nobler flame he never succeeded in quenching, though he turned the lamp over and made it burn downward.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

**THE LAYMAN'S BREVIARY; or, Meditations for Every Day in the Year.** From the German of Leopold Schefer. By C. T. Brooks. Boston: Roberts Brothers. While full of energy and daring in speculative philosophy, the dreamy mystical German mind seems to fall back at times, and rest with great contentment in the contemplation of gentle moral truisms, much as a child sits on the grass and strings daisies into a chain. *The Layman's Breviary* breathes such a spirit in every line, and preaches content and goodness to the reader with an air of deliberation that shows plainly how far the writer has outlived the impatient heat of youth. Such a sense of repose strikes us as in refreshing contrast to the feverish hurry of our general lives, and to that rapid style in writing which we adopt and encourage. A little breathing space is very necessary for both mind and conscience, and Sunday ought to bring it to every one in the church or in the closet; but it fails too often to do so, because in strictly theological sermons or books the controversial tone usually neutralizes that gentle, soothing influence which a wiser preaching of Christian doctrine might have produced, and the tired head and soured heart of the weary man of business turn away despairing of rest to seek for amusement. Those who are so fortunate as to be well read in English literature know where to find repose, and turn to George Herbert or one of those old divines who soothe by the deliberation of their style as well as by the gentle clearness of their thought. But the people who need rest most will be the last to seek for it in a ponderous volume of dusky print. Having but little time to read, they eschew the older writers, whose rounded sentences present ideas with some deliberation, and seek to soothe their tired brains by perusing the newest book by the newest writer, whose whole aim and ambition is to be epigrammatic, and whose great success in style is achieved in a frenzied cross between the gasping sentences of a French feuilletonist and the manner of a New York journalist. The railroad style in literature is particularly bad for the very people who fancy they have no time for anything better. It adds to the sense of hurry which is one of the worst effects of overwork, one which deprives life of the dignity of repose and the enjoyment of leisure, and dwarfs the humanity it affects to represent by failing to realize it in one true aspect. The dignified, the humorous, the pathetic, or earnest sides of human nature are equally lost sight of by the writer whose greatest aim is to condense, and who hurries his reader along with him until in the rapid flight only some tragic incongruity can arrest attention. While the present high tide of "current literature" threatens to swamp the English classics, and perhaps the English language, in the overwhelming rapidity of its course, it is fortunate that a wide-spread taste for German literature should prevail. The study of another tongue always tends to make us more mindful of the propriety of our speech in our own, and as when people learn a new language they always translate from a good author, and their taste becomes more critical both of manner and matter, the thoughtful German thoroughness may prove an antidote to the present English flippancy. For those to whom the difficulties of the German language have proved insurmountable, a good translation is the only means whereby they can enter the domain of foreign thought, and good translations are not as common as for the benefit of all tongues we could wish. Mr. Brooks deserves all praise for the evident pains he has taken to render his an exception to the rule of inferiority, and has succeeded in presenting thoroughly German thought in thoroughly good English. In our busy community the meditations for each day into which the book is divided will be likely to be read altogether on Sunday, and that is precisely why it is a desirable work, for we have but too few books that can be kept for Sunday reading, except such as breathe a spirit either acrid or funereal, calculated to provoke us to controversy or depress us into gloom.

**Lucia Dare: A Novel.** By Filia. New York: M. Doolady. 1867.—The dedication to this work forestalls a question which would naturally suggest itself to the reader; it was written at the request of a lady, and a too generous compliance on the part of the author has caused her to publish a book which will scarcely win for her a very elevated position in the literary world. She informs us in the preface that she has violated the unities of time and place, and that some persons may complain that she has transcended the

privileges of fiction; but she adds: "I have tried to write as delicately as I could, and to veil even the embryos of my incidents." We have likewise an admission—somewhat superfluous—that the writer has little talent for invention, and that her characters are drawn from real personages; to this we can only say, that such a strange set of people are seldom to be met with out of novels, and that this history, interesting as it may be to those who know them, will hardly appeal to the sympathies of the world at large. The heroine appears in the first chapter: she is at the Adelphi Hotel, where she takes leave of an old and very dear friend, and is about to start for America in search of a lost brother, whom the said friend hopes to welcome once more under the "ancestral roof-tree." Leaving the hotel, she enters a carriage, which is drawn by "smoking thoroughbreds," and on her arrival at the head of the pier the captain of the steamship goes through the very unusual ceremony of coming to the carriage:

"My lady, I have been expecting you every moment. It is nearly the last hour, and we are ready to cast off and go down the channel with the tide."

Lucia gave him her hand without reply. He aided her to the deck of the vessel—to the door of her state-room. "If you need anything more, Lady Dare, I am ready to offer anything on the vessel for your service."

"The polite captain bowed and retired."

At such times captains are usually very busy, but like all the other personages in this book he was probably exceptional. Lucia pursues her voyage, and we have, meanwhile, a sketch of her family history, with a long and absolutely startling account of the genealogy of the Dares, who traced their descent back beyond the times of the Druids, and whose representative, Sir Hugh Dare, the father of the heroine, was the most arbitrary, proud, and haughty occupant of what the author is pleased to call the "seigniorial chair of Hurst." He one day so far lost his temper and forgot his dignity that, to use the words of his own servant, he "broke his daughter's arm, and thrashed his son like fury." The son fled to America, under an assumed name, and Lucia was sent to school in France. There she met several persons who play important parts in the story; and after a short sojourn in England she set out in search of Gerald. The almost inextricable confusion in which the plot becomes involved at this stage of the proceedings would scarcely be tolerated in a purely imaginary work; but as the author claims to be sustained by facts, we must attribute these extraordinary complications to the proverbial predominance in strangeness of truth over fiction. As a vehicle for displaying the number and extent of the writer's studies, and the small profit she has gained by them, the book answers admirably. The use of a foreign language is of course admissible when the words cannot be rendered in English, but scraps of Latin dragged in here and there suggest the danger of a "little learning," and we could well wish that a portion of the time devoted to the classics had been applied by the author to the acquirement of a better style in writing her own language. A lady who discourses with so much confidence about Plato and Epicurus can scarcely be pardoned for saying, "Harold spoke when he felt like it, read when he felt like it," etc. As the lady says she writes what she sees and what she knows, the following description of a Federal general may be interesting:

"He was a tall, lank, grey-haired man, with thin, narrow visage, greedy, twinkling, dull eyes, and a sensual mouth, which he strove in vain to draw down sanctimoniously at the corners. Instead of giving him a saintly expression, his efforts only produced a hypocritical aspect. He was much given to religion, frequented 'meeting,' held family prayers regularly, having the gift of extemporaneous reminders and impertinent counselings of the Almighty, which is valued by some religionists who fancy they can give the Lord good advice, or that he, like Baal, 'sleeps sometimes, and can be roused by much speaking.' He liked 'prayer meetings,' in the consciousness of his flux verborum, and never lost an opportunity of administering wholesome, prosy, and very prolonged counsel to all the distressed women who were forced by necessity to seek his presence. If they were pretty, he added to his fatherly counsel a lover-like embrace, which some indignantly resented, others, frightened, tamely submitted to. The man's character was well known to all. One of his favorite employments, when not trading in cotton, smuggling arms, etc., to the Confederates, or receiving bribes from them, was reading *Evangeline* to foolish girls or not-too-well-spoken-of young widows."

Many of the scenes exhibit so much dramatic power that we regret to find throughout the book so many of the faults which disfigure other writings of the same school, and we take leave respectfully to suggest to the author that when she again essays to write a novel she should follow the precept of Cicero, wherein he says: "*Hoc sit primum in præceptis meis ut demonstremus quem imitemur.*"

**The Waterdale Neighbors: A Novel.** By the Author of *Paul Massie*. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1868.—

This is a book which no one can read without pleasure, nor close without regret; it is interesting but never sensational, picturesque but not exaggerated, unaffected and natural without becoming wearisome or insipid. There is an apparent reality about the characters which suggests the possibility of their being painted from life, and the scenes through which they pass have all a seeming probability which is unusually attractive. The story opens in a retired and beautiful portion of Switzerland, where an English clergyman and his wife are sojourning for a time, and accidentally become acquainted with Ralph Lennon, the hero, a native of Cumberland, who—after wandering half over the world with the double purpose of amassing a fortune and forgetting a lost love—is about to visit his home, which by a strange coincidence happens to be in the parish of which Dr. Alwyn is the pastor. The doctor is much taken with his new friend, although his pretty young wife indulges in one of those capricious dislikes toward him which are seldom lasting, and



sometimes undergo a change liable to become dangerous. Ralph's high sense of honor, refined taste, and innate respect for woman preclude the possibility of any attempt at flirtation with the wife of his friend, and when such a thing is hinted at by a young Frenchman whose code of morality is less rigid than his own he answers:

"Don't Theodore; don't, like a good fellow," said his companion.  
"Don't what?"  
"Go on in that silly way. I hate that sort of rubbish. The cant of virtue is bad; but I do think the cant of vice is a great deal worse. What right have you and I to go on making ourselves out scoundrels, when we are not so? I am for a man being openly what he is—carrying his heart upon his sleeve, if you like."  
"Yes, I know; it is your Shakespeare's phrase."  
"And so if we were scoundrels, I should be for our talking scoundrel talk; and then, at all events, our neighbors might keep out of our way. But we are not."  
"But, my good friend, scoundrels because we admire a pretty woman?"  
"No, not because we admire her; but talking as you did just now, or hinting or suggesting what you don't mean—for you are an honest and manly fellow as ever stepped, and can't help your confounded French way of never looking at a woman without affecting the Richelieu or Lauzun—I detest it; and it doesn't suit our English married women at all. They are quite accustomed to be friendly with men without supposing that the men are all the time contemplating the possibility of seducing them."

A longing desire to see once more the woman who, in early life, had preferred another to him, leads him to London, and seeking Walter Warton, the husband of his former love, he encounters at a political meeting one Tom Berry, a representative working-man, whose opinions may best be gleaned from a portion of his speech.

"Don't tell me," he exclaimed, "of your model working-man, who only looks after his wife and his family, and never listens to the voice of the political agitator. I call the model working-man a selfish humbug an' a sneak. When old England was great, she wasn't made great by model men of any kind—fellows who only care to have good blankets to lie in, an' to be patted on the head by their superiors. D'ye think the twelve apostles were model working-men that only thought of mindin' their business? Believe me, fellow working-men, when a patron or a swell of any kind praises you for not running after politics and for holding aloof from strikes, he only wants to flatter and cajole you out of looking for what's lawfully and properly your rights, according to the grand old doctrines of the constitution and the broad principles of humanity."

Warton, who heart and soul is given up to politics, greets Ralph with great cordiality, at once refers to his former disappointment, and nearly betrays himself into an expression of regret—which he honestly feels—that Ralph had not been successful. One of the best things in the book is the description of Ralph's visit to the house of his friend; his restless anxiety to see the woman whom he had so deeply, so constantly loved; his bitter disappointment on meeting her. Alas! poor fellow, his experience was not singular; similar dreams have been indulged by others who, under like circumstances, have known as painful an awakening. Before Mabel's entrance, however, he found a copy of *Tupper* on her table, which might have prepared him, and lessened the force of the shock. The real interest of the story begins after this, and continues unabated until the end of the book.

*Uberto; or, The Errors of the Heart: A Drama, in Five Acts.* By Frank Middleton. New York: Bradley & White. 1867.—Without any great pretensions to unusual brilliancy, Mr. Middleton has yet succeeded in producing a play as readable as a tolerably interesting story and considerable skill in construction of plot and development of character can make it. The dialogue is sometimes a trifle tame, and certain scenes, which add nothing to the movement of the drama, might be omitted with advantage, but the evident youth of the writer would be an apology for worse errors than we have detected. The character of Bellamori, the brave though braggart soldier of fortune, is quite consistently drawn, with an occasional touch of grim humor, as where he says of his favored rival in the affection of the pretty Bonita: "May the eternal infamy of a lasting and obscure peace surround him, cling to him, and overwhelm him;" to which the lady and her father very fervently respond "Amen!" We have said the play is readable; whether it would answer as well for the stage is more doubtful; if not, Mr. Middleton has the precedent of many an elder if not a better closet dramatist to console him, and to encourage him to higher and more successful effort.

*Tam o' Shanter.* By Robert Burns. With Illustrations by E. H. Miller. Photographed by Gardner. New York: W. J. Widdleton.—This is an extremely handsome volume, prettily bound, and with its contents printed with such magnificence of margin that the verses form an oasis in a fair desert of thick paper. The attempt to press photography into the service of literature has been often made lately, and in the present instance with some success. The second plate—the interior of the ale-house—is really excellent. The lights are clear, the shadows well defined, and each line in the well-grouped figures shows distinct as in an engraving. Photography usually fails to copy a picture with clearness, or to give us that atmosphere which engraving renders so perfectly. On the other hand, its unnatural coloring and impenetrable depths of shadow are very well suited to diabolic and "eerie" scenes, such as *Tam o' Shanter* saw or dreamed of. The contrasted lights are wonderfully effective in the illustration which represents "Tam" catching his first glimpse of the witches' revels. The fuller view of the satanic "hop," which the next picture presents, is as successful as any attempt can be which endeavors to realize the obscene orgies of that night without being either indelicate or terrific. To convey the poet's idea pictures must be both. The flight across the bridge disappoints us, as it always has done, and ever will while our imaginations are

stimulated not only by the poem, but by the halo of criticism, praise, and analysis that surrounds it, and enlarges it to our view even while it recedes from us.

*Lessons for the Instruction of Children in the Christian Life.* By the Rev. F. D. Huntington, D.D., Rector of Immanuel Church, Boston. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1868.—A book which, to the children of Immanuel Church, Boston, we should deem fraught with profit and instruction.

*Spencer's Book of Comic Speeches and Humorous Recitations. A Collection of Comic Speeches and Dialogues, Humorous Prose and Poetical Recitations, Laughable Dramatic Scenes and Burlesques, and Eccentric Characteristic Soliloquies and Stories. Suitable for School Exhibitions and Evening Entertainments.* Edited by Albert J. Spencer. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.—The very ample title-page of this volume, which we quote in full, will give a sufficiently accurate notion of its contents, which are pretty much the same as other books of the sort, only a trifle fresher. We have all the stereotyped funny things with which all the speakers of our childhood have made us familiar, some funny things that are new, and a great many old and new things that are not funny at all. The selection, however, on the whole, is judicious. Youth is seldom critical, and we may safely recommend the book as containing a fund of amusement for the winter evenings.

*Selecta Fabula ex libris Metamorphoseon Publii Ovidii Nasonis, Notis Illustrata. Accedunt quaedam ex libris Tristium Elegiae.* Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 1867.—This selection from the writings of the most elegant of the Latin poets is made with care and taste, and, while admitting none of the impurities that too often soil the beauty of his verse, is well calculated to give the pupil a fair idea of Ovid's grace and sensuous melody. But as pupils at the age for which this little volume is apparently intended never trouble their heads about such matters at all, and read Ovid with about the same appreciation as the verses in the Latin Prosody, that part of the editor's solicitude may be considered wasted. Still, he deserves credit all the same for his judgement and for the moderation displayed in the notes, which are sparing and strictly confined to elucidating the infrequent real difficulties of Ovid's plain and easy verse; not, as in the Anthon series, having all the pernicious effects of a translation. The book is neatly printed and merits the attention of instructors.

*Polydori Virgilii De Rerum Inventoribus. Translated into English by John Langley; with an account of the author and his works by William A. Hammond, M.D.* New York: Agathynian Club. 1868.—This, the second publication of the Agathynian Club, is a reprint of the edition printed in 1663 for Simon Miller, "at the Star in St. Paul's Church-yard, London." The original of which this volume is a translation was first printed at Venice in 1499, and is of course well known to scholars. Several Italian translations appeared during the sixteenth century, but the first English publication of the book appears to have been that of Grafton, in 1546. Two other editions appeared respectively in 1547 and 1551, and a fourth seems to have been printed by John Tisdale somewhere between these dates. An expurgated edition was allowed by Gregory XIII. to be published at Rome in 1576. John Langley, the author of the present version, who claims to have "compendiously English't" the famous antiquary, was some time master of Paul's school, London, and, in his day, a bibliophile of renown. His translation is by no means without defects, but it is on the whole vigorous and conscientious. There are some palpable deletions of the original text which require no collation to detect; but the great body of the work remains, and much of it is highly curious and interesting. Dr. Hammond has written a judicious preface, which tells as much about Polydore as perhaps could be told in the same limits. In view of the rarity of the work and its intrinsic excellences, the Agathynian Club have exhibited taste in its selection; and the typography and paper of this beautiful edition do honor to the American press.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—A Suggestive Commentary on the New Testament. St. Luke. In 2 vols. By Rev. W. H. Van Doren. Vol. I. Pp. iv, 520. Vol. II. Pp. 558. 1868.  
REDHEAD & WELLS, Des Moines.—Poems of the Prairies. By Leonard Brown. Pp. x, 186. 1868.  
W. V. SPENCER, Boston.—Norman Fleming. By the author of *Christus Victor*, etc. Pp. 87. 1868.  
G. W. CARLETON & Co., New York.—Sense; or, Saturday-Night Musings, and Thoughtful Papers. By "Brick" Pomeroy. Illustrated. Pp. 279. 1868.  
Nonsense; or, Hits and Criticisms on the Follies of the Day. By the same. Pp. 275. 1868.  
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—Stories of the Gorilla Country. By Paul Du Chaillu. Illustrated. Pp. ix, 292. 1868.  
History of the United Netherlands. By John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L. Vol. III. Pp. x, 599. 1868.  
KELLY & PIET, Baltimore.—The Blessed Eucharist our Greatest Treasure. By Michael Müller, C.S.S.R. Pp. 358. 1868.  
ADAMS & Co., Boston.—Dawn. Pp. 404. 1868.  
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—Bleak House. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Phiz and Cruikshank. Pp. 666.  
PAMPHLETS.  
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—Great Expectations. By Charles Dickens. Pp. 183. 1868.  
R. M. DE WITT, New York.—Annie Judge, Spinster. By Frederick W. Robinson. Pp. 192.  
William Tell with a Vengeance! By Henry J. Byron, Esq. Pp. 29.  
LORING, Boston.—The American Colony in Paris in 1867. From the French of André Leo. Pp. 12.  
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—Hard Times. By Charles Dickens. Pp. 188.  
No Thoroughfare. By Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins. Pp. 66.

Forty-first Annual Report of the New York City Mission and Tract Society. Pp. 152. 1868.  
We have also received current numbers of Putnam's Monthly Magazine—New York; Lippincott's Magazine—Philadelphia; The Journal of Speculative Philosophy—St. Louis; The Sunday Magazine, Good Words, The Art Journal—London and New York.

#### TABLE-TALK.

THE clever and always interesting London correspondent of *The New York Times* quotes a paragraph which has been extensively circulated in England and which attributes to certain American journalists the possession of enormous incomes, absurdly exaggerated from the facts. The writer, while expressing incredulity as to the amounts and suggesting that proprietorship has evidently been confounded with editorship, is of opinion that "journalism in America is destined to occupy a much more important and influential position, as a profession, than ever it has done in" England. The reason assigned being that "with you it starts fairly with the recognized professions—with us law and medicine (leaving out divinity) were great professions long before the trade of writing or editing was thought of. The man who influences people's thoughts is at least of as much consequence as the man who feels pulses and gives powders, while in a peaceable community the profession of arms is likely to be of little account. In the United States journalism must eventually stand before all other professions—although, of course, a good deal depends on the character of the men engaged in it. If I were to say that in this respect the promise of the present day would lead us confidently to look forward to a glorious future, it might be thought I was uttering a mere civility. Such, however, is my opinion. The man who stakes his fortune on journalism in America, or the young man from Yale or Harvard who adopts it as a calling, is not likely to repent of the decision hereafter. In England a certain point has been reached; progress beyond it is scarcely possible. If, indeed, the English people made that tremendous rush toward complete democracy which some predict, it would almost inevitably happen that newspaper writers would carry everything before them." We imagine that this difference between the English and American journalist carries less distinction than is here supposed. Conventionalities are crumbling away in England with wonderful rapidity and we think the relative situations, socially speaking, of journalists in the two countries is much upon a par. It is very certain, however, that the coarseness and vile personalities of a portion of our press have done and are doing much to degrade the profession. There can be no real strength where there is not self-respect, and when such papers as *The Tribune* habitually exhibit an utter absence of this quality they do much to impair the dignity and usefulness of American journalism. No editor could go into decent society in London who used such language as that with which the editor of *The Tribune* commonly assails his political enemies; and the prognostications of *The Times* correspondent would be little likely to be verified did the future position of American journalists depend upon this eccentric example.

MR. FERNANDO WOOD has been very ill-advised in allowing his elation over late political mutations to express itself in heated and intemperate language on the floor of Congress. Impatience of radical excesses, past and prospective, by no means implies popular endorsement of Mr. Wood and his doings, as the late charter election in New York should have taught him. If Mr. Wood really wishes well to the party of which his peculiar faction has been an extreme and detrimental wing, he cannot better serve it than by practising a masterly inactivity for some time to come. The people are pronouncing audibly enough for conservatism, and, despite occasional evidences of violent reaction, conservatism is still equidistant from either political extreme.

In the excited state of political parties the cordial good feeling which animates Congressional debate is matter for public congratulation. The Hon. Mr. Wood, though apparently persuaded of the inexpediency of the amendatory reconstruction act, yet contents himself with the mild assertion that it is "the most infamous act of this infamous Congress;" while the Hon. Mr. Farnsworth, not to be outdone in amenity, conceals his extreme loathing and scorn for gentlemen who have the unhappiness to differ with him in opinion under a cheerful allusion to the "rebels on this floor." The latter gentleman, on being facetiously called to account, enacted the part of Pickwick with much humor and success; while the former personated, with equal skill, the scornful Seminole "who would not bend the knee." This is extremely gratifying, and perhaps foreshadows a time when senatorial discussion shall be stripped of all its cumbersome restraints and formalities and reduced to a degree of simplicity and frankness which will bring into prominence the brilliant talents of our able representative from this city, Hon. Mr. Morrissey.

In view of General Grant's pretensions to the Presidency, it is somewhat surprising that his religious creed has not been ascertained and ventilated by the Christian press. Perhaps the hero's reticence has baffled their pious solicitude; if so, they may be gratified to learn that the General is reported, on good authority, to have attended while in this city Dr. Gallaudet's Church for Deaf Mutes.

"SPEECH is silver but silence is golden," says the Arabic proverb. In the case of General Grant, who modestly asks us to vote for the man without knowing the principles, one



might almost venture to say that speech would probably be leaden but silence is certainly brazen.

THE publication of the first number of *The Week*, though deferred considerably beyond the date originally announced, took place last Saturday. While the new periodical is, in a certain sense, of the paste-pot order, it is by no means simply an assemblage of entertaining reading matter, or even of articles selected with reference to their probable acceptability to its readers. On the contrary, the motto of the new weekly—"Audiat et Altera Pars"—indicates plainly enough that, whatever a given reader may find to his taste, he is pretty certain to find also that from which he must dissent. The essential principle of such a scheme—wholly without precedent, we believe, in this country—is the entire suppression of any convictions of its management on controverted subjects, so that an impartial summary may be presented of every significant phase of sentiment upon topics which engross the public attention. It would seem that, in a community at once so given to general enquiry and so engrossed in business pursuits as to enjoy comparatively small leisure, there must be a felt want for such a medium, whereby one may acquaint himself with the existence and nature of opinions for which it is impossible for him to go personally in search, cropping out as they do in so many and such unexpected quarters, not only throughout our own immense territory, but in all regions and tongues of the civilized world. At any rate, the demand for *The Week* in advance of its appearance was such as to attest a recognition of the want beyond anything its projectors had been sanguine enough to expect; while the original edition of the first number, thought to be large even in view of such reassuring indications, was exhausted in a few hours, as was also the second edition thus necessitated. So the new experiment apparently has no obstacle to encounter beyond whatever there may be of delay in familiarizing the public with the novelty and scope of its plan.

Of the other new periodicals which have presented themselves for the public favor since we last noted the New Year's crop, the handsomest is *El Correo Hispano-Americano*, a well printed and illustrated eight-page sheet which is to be issued thrice a month, on the dates of the sailing of the Pacific Mail steamers, and which, as its prospectus states, is a "journal of commerce, agriculture, mining, mechanics, railway enterprise, etc., especially devoted to the interests of the Spanish-American States." The journal much resembles *The American Journal of Mining*, containing apparently much of its matter in addition to the features necessitated by its international and commercial character.—Another new journal, unpretentious, but deserving recognition and praise, comes from Brattleboro', Vt., and is entitled *The Housewife*. This is a sixteen-page monthly, filled with reading desirable for housewives of every degree, distributed into departments fancifully entitled, *The Veranda, Drawing-room, Library, Dining-room, Nursery, Kitchen, Parlor, Dressing-room, Conservatory, and The Dispensary*,—altogether giving promise of a large return for the modest subscription price.—From Chelsea, Mass., comes the rather dingy initial number of *The Standard Bearer*, whose prospectus shows it to be one of the most violent champions of intemperate advocacy of temperance.—From Shelbyville, Ky., we have *The Southern Journal of Education*, a sixteen-page monthly, largely composed of selected matter; and from Albany *The National Guard Gazette*, an eight-page monthly "devoted to the interests," and mainly filled with items concerning the New York State National Guard.

A MAXIM fraught with all Christian charity and chivalry is *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*; yet *The Philadelphia Press* commits the atrocity of saying that Wordsworth might "have written such a poem as *Katharina*!"

#### IN THE FOAM.

I. Life swelleth, in a whitening wave  
And dasheth thee and me apart.  
I sweep out seaward!—be thou brave  
And reach the shore, sweetheart.

II. Beat back the backward-thrusting sea,  
Thy round white arm his blows may thwart.  
Christ buffet the strong surge with thee  
'Till thou'rt ashore, sweetheart!

III. Ah! now thy face growth dim apace,  
Seemeth of yon white foam a part.  
Canst hear me through the water-bass  
Cry, "To the shore, sweetheart!"

IV. Now Christ thee soothe upon the shore,  
My lissome-armed sea-Britomart.  
I sweep out seaward, nevermore  
To find the shore, sweetheart.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., December 10, 1867.

SIDNEY LANIER.

MR. D. O'C. TOWNLEY, whose relation of the doings of Alderman Rooney at the Cable Celebration we took occasion some time since to commend, has favored us with a continuation of that worthy's adventures at the Great Exhibition of the American Institute in 1867, which is, in some respects, more amusing than its predecessor. The brogue is not so exaggerated, nor the humor so strained, while the fun is relieved by occasional touches of sentiment which are sometimes graceful enough to warrant Mr. Townley in attempting more serious composition. The elegant typography of the Agathynian Press, and the clever illustrations of the same artist, Magrath, whose unusual felicity we noticed

in speaking of Mr. Townley's former book, have undoubtedly helped the author to the merited success of a third edition. With more study and practice and greater attention to background and grouping, Mr. Magrath will take no mean rank among our best draughtsmen. His sketches are the merest outline drawings, but full of grace and freedom. The breakfast scene on page 7, and the departure on page 9, seem to us the best. In the latter the expression of the different faces shows considerable skill. Altogether Mr. Townley has given us so very pleasant an addition to the Rooney series that we trust it may be continued. The idea is admirable, and the opportunity it affords of poking fun at a thousand metropolitan absurdities irresistible. So we feel inclined to join in the toast of the Alderman's entertainers:

"Here's health and glory an' fame in story  
To Rooney's name, may it never die!  
May Joy reside in an' Pace abide in  
The home that covers his flesh an' blood,  
An' Health an' Riches stuff out his breeches,  
An' all he drinks may it do him good!"

THE DICKENS MANIA has taken the usual course of all such fevers and broken out in an eruption of portraits of all sorts and sizes, lithographic, photographic, and steel engraved, large enough to frame and small enough to pocket, good enough to keep and bad enough to give away; above all, displaying such various splendor of costume as to give one a very gratifying notion of the resources of Mr. Dickens's wardrobe. The large photograph by Mr. Gurney is a most artistic piece of workmanship and a good likeness; the lithograph by Mr. Sol Eytinge, published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, is spirited and tolerably faithful, though giving, to our mind, a greater appearance of age than is fair to the rather jaunty original; while that by an artist whose signature seems to be S. S. Frizzell, and which is published by Messrs. De Vries, Ibarra & Co., is a more impressive picture, but no likeness at all. To those who have seen him only in public none of the pictures may seem to do entire justice to that wonderful facial expressiveness which makes the chief charm of his reading. Mr. Gurney's enterprise in securing for his fortunate camera the only sitting which Mr. Dickens, according to Mr. Dolby, has given or will give in the United States, is commendable; but, considering the facility with which photographs can be multiplied from each other, likely to benefit him only with very fair-minded purchasers.

AD NEERAM.—Horace, *Epod. 15.*

"Nox erat, et calo fulgebat Luna sereno."

'Twas night; the moon from out a cloudless sky  
Shone mid the lesser lights in mellow splendor,  
When thou, in mockery of the powers on high,  
Didst breathe the vow I framed in accents tender—  
Thy pliant arms around me twined more tightly  
Than round the holm the ivy's tendrils slender—  
That while the wolf pursues the flocks, while nightly  
The sailor's scourge, Orion, chafes the sea,  
While Phæbus' locks unshorn soft airs lift lightly,  
Requited still should be my love for thee.  
But, false Neera, thou'st smart for this,  
If Horace yet in aught a man may prove him;  
He will not brook to see a rival's bliss,  
But find some other nymph as fair to love him.  
Nor think again to snare the heart thou slightest:  
Once fixed, not all thy faithless charms shall move him.  
And happier thou, that in my woe delightest,  
Though flocks and lands and countless wealth be thine,  
Thy wisdom deepest and thy beauty brightest,  
Thine soon shall be my grief, thy smile be mine.

D. A. CASSERLY.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. announce for early publication *The Album of Language*, illuminated and illustrated by the Lord's Prayer in one hundred languages, by G. Naphegyi, M.D., A.M.; *Spiritual Wives*, by William Hepworth Dixon; *The Annals of the United States Christian Commission*, by the Rev. Lemuel Moss, Home Secretary of the Commission; *The System of Rectangular Surveying employed in Subdividing the Public Lands of the United States*, etc., illustrated with forms, diagrams, and maps, constituting a complete text-book of government surveying, by J. H. Hawes, late Principal Clerk of Surveys in the General Land Office; *Abram Page, Esq.*, a novel; *The Science of Knowledge*, by J. G. Fichte.

THE REV. DANIEL MARCH, D.D., who it seems is an American divine, along with a Scottish confrère, the Rev. Alexander Wallace, D.D., is pilloried by *The Athenæum* for a flagrant act of plagiarism. Dr. March, in a work entitled *Walks and Homes of Jesus*, and Dr. Wallace, in *The Desert and the Holy Land*, have each proceeded to appropriate, thought by thought, almost sentence by sentence, as several columns of parallelisms show, the substance of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's *Holy Land*. "In fact," says *The Athenæum*, giving proof thereof, "*Walks and Homes of Jesus* is simply *The Holy Land* turned into a sort of 'negus' by the addition of some sugar and a good deal of tepid water," its author having never even seen the land he attempts to describe.

MR. CHARLES CAMPBELL has prepared for publication by Mr. Joel Munsell, as the first volume of his series of American biographies, *Some Materials to serve for a Brief Memoir of John Daly Burk*. Mr. Burk was an Irish fugitive who settled in Virginia and wrote a three-volume history of that state, which was published at Pittsburgh in 1805, and is now extremely rare, a portion of it having been the work of other pens after its author fell in a duel.

THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER is engaged upon a *Life of Christ*, regarding which he writes to his publishers:

"The materials are abundant. The difficulty lies in selection. The last thirty years have brought to the consideration of this subject more learning and eloquence than were ever directed, within the same space of time, to one subject. Our local knowledge, too, has been vastly augmented by the scientific topographical explorations of the Holy Land." In the authorship of such a work Mr. Beecher, we should think, must appear in a much better light than in his other recent literary and variegated achievements.

THE REV. ALEXANDER CLARK is about to publish a volume entitled *The Gospel in the Trees*, which we understand to be the embodiment of a series of lectures delivered before his congregation at Pittsburgh, and is, we imagine, a presentation of some of the beauties of natural theology.

MR. GEORGE CATLIN is engaged upon a geological work, entitled *The Lifted and Subsided Rocks of America*.

M. MICHEL CHASLES has at last receded from his original position as to the originality of the forged Newton-Pascal letters, and now maintains only that they are authentic copies of genuine originals. This, it is to be remembered, is only after his opponents have been put to no small pains to prove the handwriting not that of the men whose work it purported to be. *The Athenæum* notes another fact, viz.: that for each new objection raised, another letter was discovered which met the point exactly. On the whole, it is now becoming very difficult to believe that M. Chasles is merely a dupe and not a participant in the fraud, though his foreign critics have not as yet formally challenged his integrity.

DR. JULIUS RODENBERG's new German magazine, *Der Salon*, which we spoke of as projected some time since, has secured a most unequivocal success, the first number reaching a sale of fifty thousand copies.

THE new Paris journal for Americans, which we mentioned some weeks since as likely to appear with the new year, was issued on the promised date and lies before us in the form of *The Continental Gazette*, a sheet slightly smaller than *Galignani's Messenger*, but as tempting in aspect as the latter is unpleasant, printed in a beautifully clear type in lieu of the malformed French letter which defaces even the finest Paris books, and in the more essential matter of sentiment being as different as possible from the thoroughly English and frequently and offensively anti-American tone of its older rival. *The Gazette*, which for the present is only to appear weekly, must prove invaluable to travellers, and to many at home who will appreciate this means of renewing pleasant memories or of keeping themselves au courant with matters of national interest transpiring on the Continent. We do not know who has the editorial conduct of the journal, but it is evidently in practised hands, and in those moreover of gentlemen.—On the other side the Channel there seems to be just now but few additions of importance to periodical literature. *The Rock* is a forthcoming penny weekly paper, issued, "under distinguished patronage," as a champion of Protestant Churchism, and as an assailant of "Ritualism, Infidelity, and Romanism." *The Public Health* is a monthly review which has just made its appearance. *Echoes from the Clubs*—the most dainty piece of typography, we think, which reaches us, and extremely clever in the sphere which it has largely to itself—gives what we hope is token of its appreciation and prosperity by the reduction of its price by one-half, and the introduction, not we imagine as an invariable feature, of a full-page cartoon.

MR. JOHN BEAMES, an English official in India, and a philologist who has had the advantage of Indian preceptors, has just published at Calcutta a little volume of *Outlines of Indian Philology*, designed to furnish a résumé of Indian dialects and tongues, and to assist, as he says, "those who, having no knowledge of linguistic science, wish to record or preserve dialects of obscure tribes with whom they may come in contact."

HERR VON BEURMANN, a German traveller, who was killed while travelling in Africa, left among other MSS. a grammar of the Tigré language and a dictionary in Tigré, English, and German. These, which the Abyssinian expedition will render especially valuable to England, are to be published at Halle under the editorship of Professor Merx.

M. EDMOND ABOUT's *Jacques Mainfroi*, commenced in the December number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is said by the Paris correspondent of *The Examiner* to have set the literary Parisians agog for the next number of the *Revue*, although the season is one in which new books fail to attract any attention. Its opening, he adds, "is indisputably the best thing he has produced. In reality of word-painting, in perfection of style, he has never yet reached so high a level. If the book finishes as it begins, it will be a perfect model of a modern novel."

M. DE LAMARTINE's condition is described in terms that must awaken feelings of contrition in some of his merciless detractors. He sits speechless all day, leaving his arm-chair only when two servants carry him to his meals, when he eats voraciously, and his recovery is scarcely possible.

MR. ELIJAH WALTON, F.G.S., announces an expensive quarto volume on *Clouds, their Forms and Combinations* illustrated with photographic copies of drawings made by himself during several years' observation of the clouds in Upper and Lower Egypt, Syria, Arabia, Constantinople, Italy, the Swiss Alps, and other regions on the Continent.



MR. ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE, we learn, purposes writing another dramatic poem on Mary, Queen of Scots, in continuation of *Chastelard*.

MR. GEORGE WASHINGTON MOON is about to publish another philological volume, *Bad English*, illustrations whereof are said to be largely adduced from the columns of *The London Times* and *Pall Mall Gazette*.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

For convenience of reference, correspondents of this department are desired to arrange questions in distinct slips from answers, and to attach to each of the latter the number prefixed to the query whereof it refers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

(8)—Cannot one of your correspondents shed a little light on the origin of the term *Simon-Pure*? It sounds as if it might be the name of a character in the early English Drama.

TUCKAHOE, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1867.

QU.

(9)—In what works, either of fiction or history, can I find any portrayal of the character of Beau Brummell. By answering this question in our next issue, you will greatly oblige.

Yours with much respect,

HISTORICUS.

NEW YORK, January 3, 1868.

In Thackeray's *Four Georges* may perhaps be found what our correspondent desires. William Jerdan's *Men I have Known*, we think, also has stories of Brummell. An interesting article on him, pretty long and pro-

fusely illustrated, appeared some years ago—we cannot say when—in *Harper's Monthly*. There is also a brief chapter devoted to him in a work called *Eccentric Personages*, published within a year or two by William Russell, LL.D.—not Dr. William H. Russell, of *The London Times*.

(10)—Can you or any of your readers acquaint me with the meaning of the term *Tron Judas*?

(11)—What was the origin of the expression *Dutch Uncle*—"to talk like a Dutch uncle," etc. Respectfully,

ALBANY, January 3, 1868.

TRICTRAC.

(12)—In the first ten lines, Book I., of Lord Derby's *Iliad* there is the following:

"The vengeance deep and deadly: whence to Greece  
Unnumbered ill arose: which many a soul  
Of mighty warriors to the viewless shades  
Untimely sent."

Soul is singular and warriors plural. Is this correct? Should they not be either both plural or singular with, of course, necessary changes of limiting words?

MILWAUKEE, Wis., January 10, 1868.

J. L. H.

Warriors, we think, should be singular; but we are not prepared to say that, especially with a different punctuation from that given by our correspondent, the phrase in the second and third verses is ungrammatical.

(13)—Can you tell me which of the seven wise men of Greece was the author of the adage *Γνωθι σεαυτον*—"Know thyself"?

Respectfully,

BALTIMORE, Jan. 4, 1868.

SNOOKS.

(14)—The discovery of the availability of steam as a means of propul-

sion is sometimes placed as far back as the time of the Ptolemies. Are there any authentic data on the subject, and, if so, where can I find them?

Yours,

RIGMAROLE.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 30, 1867.

(2)—Your correspondent who signs himself "An Irishman" (an honorable title to which I am proud also to lay claim), is, permit me to say, as much in the dark in regard to the paternity of *Father Tom and the Pope* as the editor of the late beautiful edition published by Simpson & Co. I am one of those Irishmen of so-called "literary proclivities" to whom the editor is advised to apply for information, and certainly I never heard the name of JOHN FISHER MURRAY mentioned in connection with *Father Tom and the Pope*. Neither was William Maginn the author; but it does not follow that he was not because this supposed brochure of his was not included in Dr. Mackenzie's edition of his collected works. If an author is suspected of writing a work, posthumous or otherwise, which had been written by another person, and putting that among his collected writings as his own, then he is amenable to the charge of literary piracy; but if another person edits his works and does not publish this supposed production of his among his writings, that does not prove that he did not write it, for he might have done so after all. In *The Round Table's* review of this edition of *Father Tom and the Pope* it shrewdly hints at Dr. Samuel Ferguson, of Dublin, as the author. I have very little doubt as to the correctness of that opinion; but as Messrs. Simpson & Co. promise us a new edition in a few days, with a new preface, the mystery perhaps will be cleared up.

AN HIBERNIAN.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1868.

(Vol. VI. and Vol. VII., p. 28.)—The poem *Dryburgh Abbey* is by Charles Swain, and stands last in the edition of his poems published in blue and gold by Roberts Brothers.

J. W.

BOSTON, January 6, 1868.

## CAUTION.

We call attention to the fact that imitations of our fine ELECTRO-PLATE, consisting of Dinner, Dessert, Tea Services, etc., are extensively produced by American manufacturers; also, that there are English imitations in market, both of inferior quality. These goods are offered for sale by many dealers, and are well calculated to deceive. Purchasers can only detect and avoid counterfeits by noting our trade-mark, thus:

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Many persons already subscribers to THE ROUND TABLE, and who have paid for unexpired terms, have addressed the office desiring to avail of club rates for THE WEEK and the various magazines. In all such cases, applicants must send the cash for the two or more publications as advertised; but they will be credited for one year's additional subscription to THE ROUND TABLE, to be added to the date at which their subscription to the latter journal expires. Thus, a present subscriber has paid up to May 1, 1868; he wishes THE WEEK at club rates; he must send \$7 50, for which he will receive THE ROUND TABLE up to May 1, 1869, and THE WEEK for one year from the date of its publication.

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